A COMEDY

COMEDY

TREATRE-ROYAL

JESTIES Servants.

THO. SOUTHERNE.

LONDON,

H. Gellibrand, for Abel Bettesworth, at the Red Lion on London-Bridge. MDC XCVIII.

History of Polybius

Memoirs of Life

Comedy

Theatre-Royal

Majesties Servants.

Thomas Southerne

London

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- 1990

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir *Antony Love*.	Mrs. *Montford*.
Valentine.	Mr. *Montford*.
Ilford.	Mr. *Williams*.
Sir *Gentle Golding*.	Mr. *Bowen*.
An *Abbe*.	Mr. *Antho. Leigh*.
Count *Canaile* his Brother.	Mr. *Hodgſon*.
Count *Verole*.	Mr. *Sandford*.
Palmer, a Pilgrim.	Mr. *Powel*, Jun.
Wait-well, Sir *Antony*'s Governour and Confident.	Mr. *Bright*.
Traffique, a Merchant.	Mr. *Kirkham*.
Cortaut, a Taylor's Man.	*Mich. Lee*.
Bravo's belonging to Count *Verole*.	
Servants.	
Servant to Sir *Gentle*.	Mr. *Gibber*.
Servant to *Ilford*.	*Tho. Kent*.

WOMEN.

Floriante, *Charlott* } Daughters to Count *Canaile*.	Mrs. *Butler*. Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Volante, the *Abbe*'s Niece and Charge.	Mrs. *Knight*.

SCENE, *Mompelier*.

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J. E. Cabot Fund
March 18 1955

To my FRIEND

Tho. Skipwith, Esq;

THere is that certain Argument of Poverty in Poetry, that its Offspring must always be laid at somebodies Door; and indeed, the greatest Master of this Art, will scarce be able to support the Issue of his Brain, upon the narrow Income of a single Reputation.

From the very Start of my Design upon this Play, I had a Design upon you, like a rich Godfather, to ease the Parish of a Charge, and the Parent of a Care, in maintaining it.

You know the Original of Sir Antony, *and therefore can best judge how the Copy is drawn; tho' it won't be to my Advantage to have 'em too narrowly compar'd; her Wit is indeed inimitable, not to be painted: Yet I must say, there's something in my Draught of her, that carries a Resemblance, and makes up a very tolerable Figure: And since I have this occasion of mentioning Mrs.* Montford, *I am pleased, by way of Thanks, to do her that publick Justice in Print, which some of the best Judges of these Performances, have, in her Praise, already done her, in publick places; That they never saw any part more masterly play'd: And as I made every Line for her, she has mended every Word for me; and by a Gaiety and Air, particular to her Action, turn'd every thing into the Genius of the Character.*

You have here Seven hundred Lines more in the Print, than was upon the Stage, which I cut out in the apprehension and dread of a long Play.

The Abbe's *Character languishes in the Fifth Act for want of the Scene between him and Sir* Antony, *which I plainly saw before, but was contented to leave a Gap in the Action, and to lose the advantage of Mr.* Lee's *Playing (which, tho' his Part, that place only gave him an occasion to shew) then run the venture of offending the Women; not that there is one indecent Expression in it; but the over-fine Folk might run it into a design I never had in my head: my meaning was, to expose the Vice: and I thought it cou'd not be more contemptibly expos'd, than in the Person of a wanton Old Man, that must make ev'n the most fashionable Pleasure ridiculous.*

I am

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

I am gratefully ſenſible of the general good Nature of the Town to me, which you muſt give me leave to value my ſelf upon, ſince the Pride proceeds from an Opinion, that I have deſerv'd no otherwiſe from any Man. But I muſt make my boaſt (tho' with the moſt acknowledging reſpect) of the Favours for the Fair Sex (I may call 'em Favours, and I may boaſt of Ladies Favours, when there are ſo many concern'd) in ſo viſibly promoting my Intereſt, on thoſe Days chiefly (the Third, and the Sixth) when I had the tendereſt relation to the welfare of my Play. I won't from their Encouragement imagine I am the better Poet, but I will for the future, endeavour not to give 'em cauſe of repenting ſo ſeaſonable a piece of good Nature; and if I can't give 'em a good Comedy, I won't give 'em a very bad one: This has had its Fate, and a very favourable one. And I cannot but have the better eſteem of it, for bringing ſo many of my Well-wiſhers together.

So far for Prefacing.

Now, Sir, as to my Dedication: I fear my Credit in this place, is as little worth, as in Lumbard-ſtreet; *you may take up Money upon it, as ſoon as a Reputation: But the Bleſſing of your Fortune lies in having as little need of your Friend's Purſe in the City, as your Friend's Praiſe in* Coven-Garden: *They who know you, will take you upon your own Word; and they who don't, will hardly upon mine. However, this I muſt ſay, if there be a quickneſs in the Dialogue, and Converſation of this Comedy, I owe it in a great meaſure to my familiarity with you; which in the freedom of ſeveral Years, has giv'n me a thouſand occaſions of Envy and Admiration; and at laſt perſwaded me to an Imitation of what I have heard with ſo much pleaſure and pain. I wou'd not flatter a Friend: But I have often thought, and ſometimes told you, That were it as much in your inclination, as 'tis in your power, to write Comedy, no Man cou'd better ſucceed in't, becauſe no Man can be more naturally deſign'd for the Undertaking. I don't pretend to add any thing to the Character of a Man ſo very well known: If I have a deſign, behind the pleaſing my ſelf, in Dedicating this Play to you, 'tis to ſecure the Eſteem of being thought your Friend: As I have the Title, I deſire to continue the Thing; being very much*

Your humble Servant,

THO. SOUTHERNE.

Sir Antony Love:

OR,

The Rambling Lady.

Enter Sir Antony Love, *and* Wait-well *following him.*

Sir Ant. WELL, Governour, I think I have Atchiev'd, under thy Conduct, as considerable a Character in as short a time——

Wait. Nay, you come on amain.

Sir Ant. And, though I say it, have done as much——

Wait. And suffer'd as much.

Sir Ant. For the Credit of my Country-men, and the Reputation of a Whoremaster, as the erran'st Rake-hell of 'em all.

Wait. You're a pretty Proficient indeed, and so perfectly act the Cavalier, that cou'd you put on our Sex with your Breeches, o' my Conscience, you wou'd carry all the Women before you.

Sir Ant. And drive all the Men before me; I am for Universal Empire, and wou'd not be stinted to one Province; I wou'd be fear'd, as well as lov'd: As famous for my Action with the Men,
As for my Passion for the Women.

Wait. You're in the way to't; you change your Men as often as you do your Women; and have every day a new Mistress, and a new Quarrel.

Sir Ant. Why, 'tis only the Fashion of the World, that gives your Sex a better Title than we have, to the wearing a Sword; my constant Exercise with my Fencing Master, and Conversation among Men, who make little of the matter, have at last not only made me *adroit*, but despise the Danger of a Quarrel too.

Wait. A Lady-like Reputation, truly. But how prepostorously Fortune places her Favours, when no body is the better for 'em.

Sir Ant. Why how now, Governour?

Wait. She seldom gives a Man an Estate, who has either the Conscience or Youth to enjoy it——

Sir Ant. But he may leave it to one who has.

Wait. An honest Man might be thankful for half your Fortune with the Women. But what pleasure can you find in following 'em?

Sir Ant. The ſame that ſome of the Men find.

Wait. You can't enjoy 'em.

Sir Ant. But I may make 'em ready for thoſe who can.

Wait. Are there ſuch Sports-men?

Sir Ant. Very many, who beat about more for Company, than the pleaſure of the Sport; and if they do ſtart any thing, are better pleas'd with the accidents of the Chaſe, the Hedges, and Ditches, than the cloſe Purſuit of the Game; and theſe are ſure never to come into the Quarry.

Wait. This is ſo like you now: Why Love ſhou'd be your buſineſs; and you make a buſineſs of your Love: You are young and handſome in Petticoats; yet are contented to part with the Pleaſures of your own Sex, to ramble into the Troubles of ours. In my Opinion, you might be better employ'd.

Sir Ant. I do it to be better employ'd; to recommend me to *Valentine*, for whoſe dear ſake I firſt engag'd in the Adventure; robb'd my Keeper, that nauſeous Fool *Golding*, of Five hundred Pounds, and under thy Diſcretion, came a Collonelling after him here into *France*.

Wait. Why do you loſe time then? Why don't you tell him ſo?

Sir Ant. Thou wou'dſt have had me, with the true Conduct of an *Engliſh* Miſtreſs, upon the firſt inclination, cloy'd him with my Perſon, without any aſſurance of his reliſhing me; enough to raiſe his Appetite to a ſecond taſte: No, now I am ſure he likes me; and likes me ſo well in a Man, he'll love me in a Woman; and let him make the Diſcovery if he dares.

Wait. Let me direct him.

Sir Ant. To the Lodgings you ſhall; thoſe I ſaw, and lik't; they're Private, and Convenient, make 'em ready; I'll tell thee all anon—— And do you hear—— my Female Wardrobe too muſt be produc'd, my Womans Equipage—— [*Wait-well going.*] For as the Conduct of Affairs now goes, I'm beſt diſguis'd in my own Sex, and Cloaths. Hey, I had forgot; bring me the Fifty Pieces I ſpoke of, the Five hundred are in good Health yet, Governour.

Wait. But ſicken at that ſound.

Sir Ant. *Valentine* and *Ilford* are diſappointed of their Bills, and in ſpite of their good Eſtates want Money; now, tho' I lend upon the old conſideration of borrowing a greater Sum, Fifty Pieces are convenient.

Wait. And will be welcome to 'em at this time——

Sir Ant. Moſt certainly; and take this along with you, Governour; You muſt make your Converſation neceſſary ſometimes, as well as agreeable, to preſerve a Friendſhip with an Engliſh-man.

Enter Valentine *and* Ilford.

Val. How's this, Sir *Antony*? under the Diſcipline of your Governour, and his Wiſdom, this Morning?

Sir Ant. Like a good Chriſtian, *Valentine*, clearing old Accounts, that I may begin a new Score, with a better Conſcience.

Ilf. Confeſſing, and repenting paſt Enormities——

Sir Ant. About the pitch of thy Piety, *Ilford*; repenting only, becauſe they are paſt.

Val. So far you may repent with Honour.

Sir Ant. Nay, I Confeſs my ſelf a Child of this World; for at this mo-

ment

ment I have a Hint from my Conſtitution, that tells me the pleaſure of thy Example——

Val. Thou art above Example, or Imitation——

Sir Ant. Will go near to overthrow the Wiſdom of his Precepts; the Morality of thy Beard, Governour——

Wait. But, Sir, it wou'd be well.

Sir Ant. It wou'd be better, Sir, thou pitiful Preacher, wou'dſt thou but follow thy Pimping; 'tis a better Trade, and becomes thy Diſcretion as well: You'll find me hereabouts—— [*Thruſts out* Wait-well.

Val. You have Compounded for Whoring then, *Sir Antony?*

Sir Ant. Any thing but Fighting; he has ſwing'd me away for my Quarrel yeſterday i'th' Tennis-Court.

Ilf. You deſerv'd to be ſwing'd for't——

Val. I ſhou'd chide you too, though 'twas upon my account.

Ilf. To run a Gentleman thro' the Arm, for not witneſſing all you ſaid in Commendation of *Valentine*——

Val. When he was not ſo much as acquainted with my Perſon——

Ilf. Was——

Sir Ant. Something more bold than welcome, I grant you; but I had not fought a great while, my hand was in, and I was puſhing at Reputation. For, I Gad, I look upon Courage to proceed more from Habit and Practice, than any Virtue of the Mind.

Val. How, how, *Sir Anthony?* there's ſomething in Family ſure——

Sir Ant. Wooden Legs, in a great many, *Valentine.*

Ilf. Courage often runs in a Blood——

Sir Ant. They ſay ſo of the Pox, indeed. The Sins of the Fathers may run in the Blood ſometimes, and viſit the third and fourth Generation: But their Virtues dye with the Men. And if the Example, and Cuſtom of the World (ſupported by good eating and drinking) had not infus'd a nobler Spirit into the Blood, than any deriv'd from the Father; moſt Men had contin'u'd like thoſe, who ſtay with their Fathers; Elder Brothers all; and had never offer'd at an Intrigue, above a red Petticoat; or a Quarrel, above a Rubber at Cuffs.

Ilf. 'Tis ſenſibly extravagant, and wild!

Val. Inimitably new! But how do you to avoid Drinking?

Sir Ant. Why that avoids me, thanks to the Cuſtom of the Countrey, and the better Diverſions of this Place; not but I can arrive at a Bottle too.

Ilf. If you were in *London*——

Sir Ant. There I grant you—— Where the young Fellows begin the Reputation of their Humour and Wit in a Pint Glaſs, carrying 'em, without intermiſſion of ſenſe or jeſt, to the end of the third Bottle; and then thro' the publick places, and folly of the Town.

Val. There you wou'd be at a loſs.

Sir Ant. I ſhou'd indeed; where they go to Taverns, to ſwallow a Drunkenneſs; and then to a Play, to talk over their Liquor.

Ilf. I thought that folly fell off with their Fathers——

Val. The Entertainment of it did indeed.

Ilf. Who, as they began it in their Frolick, ſupported it in their Wit.

Sir Ant. And ſince the Sons are ſo plainly diſinherited of the Senſe, they have no Title to the Sins of their Fathers.

Val. Unleſs they kept 'em more in Countenance.

Ilf. Yet they would do ſomething, like their Fathers.

Val. As an ignorant Player in *England*, whom I ſaw undertaking to Copy a Maſter Actor of his time; began at his Infirmity in his Feet; and growing famous for the imitation of his Gout, he cou'd walk like him, when he cou'd do nothing elſe like him.

Sir Ant. The Gout, and the Pox take him for't——

Ilf. And all thoſe, I ſay, who, only from their Opinion of themſelves, are encourag'd to meddle in other Men's matters, without ever bringing any thing about of their own.

Sir Ant. Aye, thoſe medling Fools, *Ilford!* who are in all places, yet ever out of their way——

Ilf. And not only out of their own way, but always in other Mens——

Sir Ant. And ſtill as ridiculous as a Fellow of thy Severity and Reſerve wou'd be in the fantaſtical Figure of a Lover.

Ilf. Whoever has the Woman; you have your Wit, Sir *Antony*——

Sir Ant. They go together, Sir——You'll find it ſo.

Enter a Pilgrim.

Val. Whom have we here?

Sir Ant. A Brokeing Brother of *Bethlehem*, with all his Frippery about him!

Val. One of that travelling Tribe, without their Circumciſion.

Sir Ant. Of Chriſtian Appellation, a Pilgrim.

Val. 'Tis a ſenſeleſs Conſtitution of Men!

Sir Ant. Who make themſelves Mad, to make the reſt of the World Fools, by finding a Faith for all their Fopperies.

Val. How can they paſs upon the World?

Sir Ant. As other Conſtitutions and Orders of Men as ſenſeleſs, paſs, that are founded too in as much Cozenage and Roguery as this can be.

Ilf. You are an Enemy of Forms, Sir *Antony*.

Sir Ant. Oh, Sir, the Virtue of the Habit often covers the Vices of the Man: There's Field enough in *England* to find this in, without the Abby-lands, Gentlemen.

Ilf. Weeds are the general growth of every Soil.

Val. How many Fools in the State, and Atheiſts in the Church, carry themſelves currant thro' their Congregations and Clients, to great Employments; and, being arm'd only with the Authority and Countenance of their Cloathing, ſecure themſelves from the diſcovery and cenſure of the Court and Town?

Sir Ant. Theſe are Diſguiſes, I grant you, worth a ſenſible Man's putting on; but a Pilgrim's Habit is as ridiculous as his Pretence; and I wou'd no more wear a Fools Coat, to be thought devout; than be devout for the ſake of the Livery.

Ilf. Fools are the Guts of all Churches, and make the Bulk of every Opinion. [*Exit Pilgrim.*

Val. Hang

Val. Hang him, let him paſs; ſpare him for the ſake of the Church, and ſpare the Church for the ſake of our *Abbe*.

Sir Ant. Who is, indeed, a moſt conſiderable Pillar of it, to his own profit, and our pleaſurable living in this Town.

Ilf. He is a very Pope in *Mompelier*, the Head here——

Sir Ant. And a fit Head he is for ſuch ſinful Members as we are.

Ilf. We Members! You are a Proteſtant, Sir *Antony*.

Sir Ant. You may be ſurly enough to tell 'em you are one; but I am always of the Religion of the Government I am in——

Val. And of the Women you converſe with, Knight.

Sir Ant. And when I can't convince 'em, I conform.

Ilf. A very civil Character of a faſhionable Conſcience.

Val. Of a ſenſible Man, I think: Why muſt your Capacity be the Meaſure of another Man's Underſtanding? And all Men be in the wrong, who don't dance i'th' Circle of your Thoughts?

Sir Ant. Every Man a Villain, or a Fool, who does not fall into your Notion of things?

Val. No Opinion ever ſprung out of an Univerſal Conſent; Truth can no more be comprehended, than Beauty: We have our ſeveral Reaſons for the one, and Fancies for the other. And as Beauty has not the ſame influence upon all Complexions; ſo Reaſon has not the ſame Force upon all Underſtandings: We embrace what pleaſes us in both, ſecure our ſelves in a probability, and gueſs out the reſt.

Sir Ant. Ilford is one of thoſe Fellows, whom if you divide from in one thing, will never cloſe with you in any. Tho the *Abbe* and you do differ about the way to Heav'n, you may go to the Devil together, I warrant you.

Val. However wide we may be from his Opinion of t'other World, I'm ſure he joyns with us in our Opinion of this.

Sir Ant. For my part, I regard the Man, not his Religion; and if he does my Buſineſs in this World, let him do his own in the next.

Ilf. Nay, Gentlemen, I have as honeſt an Opinion of the *Abbe*, as you can have: I know there's nothing to be done without him——

Sir Ant. That the Converſation of the beſt Families in *Mompelier* runs thro' his Reformation——

Ilf. That ſome of our Fortunes—— *Sir Ant.* All our Fortunes——

Ilf. Yours particularly with *Floreante*, at preſent depending upon his Favour, againſt the Authority of her Father——

Val. And the Quality of my Rival, Count *Verole*.

Sir Ant. No Dancings, no Balls, no Maſquerades, in a ſweet Circle of Society, as it has been, from one Good Houſe to another, without his Introduction and Gravity to qualifie the Scandal.

Val. Subſtantial Reaſons for our Reſpect.

Ilf. Weighty Motives all for our Attendance.

Sir Ant. Are they ſo, Sir? No more of your Proteſtant then, if you wou'd not be damn'd for a Heretick, by the Women in a Catholick Country.

Val. We ſhou'd ha' been at our Patron's Levy, Gentlemen.

Sir Ant. He'll bate us us the Ceremony; You're going to viſit him?

Val. You

Val. You muſt along with us.

Sir Ant. I'll follow you.

Val. You are his Favourite; we are no body without you——

Ilf. The ſupport of our intereſt with him.

Sir Ant. Buſineſs, Buſineſs, Gentlemen.

Val. Pox o' your Buſineſs——

Ilf. 'Twill end in that——prithee let him go; a Whore I warrant you——

Sir Ant. Money, Money, Sir, more Filthy, and more Common than a Whore; more proſtituted too, to Knaves and Fools: Yet my grave Friend, you'll have a ſhare in both, or I miſtake your Nature.

Val. You are anſwer'd.

Ilf. Indeed my little Friend is ſo far right, Money, and Whore, make one anothers uſe; either is dull alone.

Enter Pilgrim.

Val. This Pilgrim here again!

Sir Ant. He follows us; what wou'd he have?

Pilg. Your Charity, good Gentlemen.

Sir Ant. Prithee leave us; there's Charity in my Advice to thee, not to loſe thy labour; beſides, we are Engliſh-men; and never think of the Poor out of our own Pariſh.

Val. Nor there neither, but according to Law, and when we cannot help it.

Ilf. Charity is a Free-will-Offering; and we part with nothing we can keep, I aſſure you——

Val. Not ſo much as our ſins. *Ilf.* Eſpecially at this time——

Sir Ant. Unleſs it be to live upon 'em.

Pilg. Alas! what pity 'tis, that Gentlemen ſo much in debt——

Sir Ant. That we ſhall never pay——

Pilg. To Heaven—— *Sir Ant.* And other Creditors.

Pilg. Of Youth ſo ſweet, of Form ſo excellent——

Sir Ant. You or me, *Ilford?* Who does he mean?

Pilg. So finiſh'd, by the great Creator's Hand, I worſhip him in thee. [*To Sir* Antony.

Ilf. As thou do'ſt the King's Picture in his Coyn——

Val. In hopes of getting by it.

Pilg. You are ſo faſhion'd—— *Sir Ant.* For a Sinner.

Pilg. And by Natures Hand deſign'd——

Sir Ant. A Whoremaſter. *Pilg.* You can't want——

Sir Ant. Women? No, *Pilgrim*, I ſhan't want 'em, in thy Acquaintance, I'm ſure.

Pilg. You can't want Grace, the Beauty of the Soul, the Accompliſhment of Virtue to the work: You can't wan't Chairty; for Charity is call'd our Gratitude to Heav'n——

Ilf. You call it ſo. *Pilg.* You would not be Ungrateful?

Sir Ant. I wou'd not be a Fool, nor imagine ſuch an Aſs as thou art cou'd ever be Commiſſion'd, a' God's Name, to collect the Revenues of this World——

Val. Nor

Val. Nor to Convert (thoſe Deodands of Devotion) the publick Charitable Endowments of Bigotted, or Dying Fools, to the private Luxury of your own Lazy Tribe.

Ilf. We build no Churches, *Pilgrim*, nor found Hoſpitals, but in our own Countrey; nor there neither, but to Father our own Baſtards.

Sir Ant. Your Mendicant Women-Saints, we allow off indeed: All our Charity runs thro' their Devotion.

Val. Soft little Hands become an Offering, and thoſe we often fill.

Pilg. Are you ſo loſt. *Ilf.* To all that thou can'ſt ſay.

Sir Ant. Thy Godlineſs may Convert others, tho' it does nothing upon us.

Pilg. What can I do for you? *Sir Ant.* Pimp for us.

Pilg. I will Pray for you.

Sir Ant. Do't in a Corner alone then, [*Thruſts him out.*] Be as Godly as thou wou't by thy ſelf; and leave us to our Devotions.

Pilg. I may joyn with you in yours, before I have done; the *Abbe* won't fail me. [*Exit Pilgrim.*

Sir Ant. I have my hands full, Gentlemen; but my Trade is ſettled, my Correſpondence eaſie, my Factors employ'd, and my Returns will be quick.

Val. Pray make 'em ſo; and come as ſoon as you can to us.

Sir Ant. I ſail with every wind, in the Teeth of Fortune ſometimes.

Val. Have a care of being bit, *Sir Antony*,

Sir Ant. I kiſs as cloſe as an older Sinner, *Valentine*, I warrant you—— [*Exit* Sir Antony.

Ilf. You may venture him: He has nothing to loſe, that I know of, but his Youth; and that wonnot long ſupport the expence of the life he leads.

Val. He loſes no time, indeed.

Ilf. But miſemploys a great deal, in my Opinion.

Val. Youth will have its Sallies.

Ilf. The Sallies of his Youth will ſooner lead him to Repentance and the Pox, than to his Mannor of *Love-dale*, as he calls it.

Val. His Manſion-houſe in *Glocesterſhire*.

Ilf. His Caſtle in the Air, which no Man ever heard of, till he was pleas'd to fancy, and Chriſten it, for the Seat of his Family.

Val. Then you don't believe him a Barronet, of twelve hundred pounds a year, under Age, and upon an Allowance for his Travel, from his Guardians?

Ilf. I believe he may have been ſome Court Page, ſpoil'd firſt by the Confidance of his Lady, in knowing her Secrets; then coming early into the iniquity of the Town, by the merit of his Perſon, and impudence, has ſince made a faſhionable Livelihood, out of Women and Fools.

Val. I don't know who he is, or wat he has: If he be no Knight, he's a pretty Fellow, and that's better: And if he has not Twelve Hundred Pounds a Year, he deſerves it, and does not want it: Which is more than you can ſay of moſt of your Knights, that have that Eſtate, I'm ſure.

Ilf. Nay, that I grant you too.

Val. He lives as like a Gentleman, has all things as well about him; is as much reſpected by the Men, and better receiv'd by the Women, than any of us. *Ilf.* He's

Ilf. He's a pretty Womans Man indeed.

Val. And a merry Man's Man too, Sir; for you muſt own, he has a great deal of Wit.

Ilf. Pretty good Natural Parts, I confeſs; but a Fool has the keeping 'em, no Judgment in the World; and what he ſays, comes as much by chance——

Val. As *Epicurus*'s World did; Perfect, and Uniform, without a Deſign.

Ilf. He flies too much at random to pleaſe any Man of Diſcretion.

Val. There is indeed the Quarrel of Twelve Years difference, between thy Diſcretion, and his Wit. He may live up to thy Diſcretion, *George*, but we ſhall neither of us arrive at his Wit.

Ilf. How long will his Wit ſupport him?

Val. That muſt be his Care, and not our Buſineſs: I never examine any man's Pockets, that is not troubleſome to mine.

Ilf. If he be not troubleſome, his Neceſſities may throw him upon ſome ſcandalous Action——

Val. That may require thy Bailing him?

Ilf. That may reflect upon us.

Val. O! thou wer't always tender of thy Reputation, when thou wer't to pay for the Scandal, I'll ſay that for thee, *Ilford*: But if want of Money be a Crime; Heav'n help the guilty: We are diſappointed of our Bills at preſent too.

Ilf. But we have Letters of Credit, and may uſe 'em upon occaſion.

Val. And he has Credit without Letters, which he may uſe too, upon Occaſion; for I am ſo far from apprehending he may, that I am reſolv'd he ſhall want nothing I can oblige him in, Pocket or Perſon.

Ilf. O! Sir, you need not doubt his giving you an opportunity of ſhewing your Gallantry in that part of your Friendſhip, he'll borrow Money of you, warrant you.

Val. And he ſhall have it, tho' I borrow it for him. But, Sir, you had not always this ſlight Opinion of *Sir Antony*.

Ilf. I did not always know him. [*Walking off.*

Val. Nor he the *Abbe*'s Niece. *Ilf.* I found him out but lately.

Val. For your Rival.

Ilf. His Vanity, Extravagance, and general Pretenſion to Women, are intolerable——

Val. Eſpecially when the gayety of that Humour is likely to get the better of your formality, in *Volante*'s eſteem: He is your Rival.

Ilf. My Rival!

Val. And I don't wonder, you don't like him.

Ilf. He's a general Undertaker, indeed; and in that part of his Converſation, is as impertinent to the Women, as in other things he is troubleſome to the Men: So I think it wou'd be our common good Fortune to get rid of him.

Val. I am not of your mind: And here he comes to convince you.

Enter Sir Antony.

Sir Ant. Juſt as I left you! You ſcorn to ſtir an inch out of your quality, to put your ſelves in the way of Fortune, tho' you know her to be blind.

Val. You

Val. You meet her at every turn, *Sir Antony.*

Sir Ant. She muſt come home to you to be welcome.

Ilf. When do you bring her home?

Sir Ant. But you may be ſullen, and four, domineer, threaten your Stewards, and talk loud at a Diſappointment, you are in poſſeſſion, Gentlemen:

Enter Wait-well *with a Purſe.*

My Guardians won't be ſo ſerv'd: My Governour teaches me to provide againſt Accidents: What I want of my Age, I muſt ſupply with my Diligence.

[Wait-well *gives him the Purſe.*

Ilf. And have your labour for your pains.

Sir Ant. I can take pains, Sir, and the profit of my pains, Sir; Fifty pieces in a Morning, Sir, the price of my pains, and give the Lady a penniworth into the Bargain.

Ilf. How! Fifty Pieces?

Val. From a Woman, *Sir Antony?* *Sir Ant.* Nothing, Sir, a trifle.

Val. Your Miſtreſs pays like a Widow——

Sir Ant. That had loſt her Youth upon a Husband, and the hopes of a Joynture——

Ilf. And juſt deliver'd, wou'd redeem the folly of the paſt, by the enjoyment of what's to come——

Val. In a ſober Reſolution, of making the price of her pennance, the purchaſe of her pleaſure——

Sir Ant. By refunding upon a young Fellow, what ſhe had wheadl'd from an old one.

Ilf. I warrant her old, and ugly, by her Penſion.

Sir Ant. She's young enough to be a Maid, handſome enough to be a Miſtreſs, cunning enough to be a Wife, and rich enough to be a Widow.

Val. Faith, ſhe comes down——

Sir Ant. Deeper than I can, I aſſure you.

Ilf. She pays well, I'll ſay that for her.

Sir Ant. And is well—— I'll ſay that for her.

Val. And does every thing well.

Sir Ant. You wou'd ſay that for her, *Valentine?* And ſhe does every thing well; that way ſhe is a Widow, I promiſe you.

Ilf. Take us into your Aſſiſtance.

Val. We are Friends, and will ſtand by you.

Ilf. We are out of Employment that way——

Val. And wou'd Journey-work under you.

Sir Ant. Any thing to be wicked, Gentlemen: But, *Ilford*, thou art honourably in Love, and haſt it too much in thy head, to have it any where elſe. Beſides, ſhe's ſo much of my humour, ſhe'll never reliſh thine.

Val. She muſt not go out of our Family.

Sir *Ant.* She's handſome and convenient; as able to anſwer all our wants, as all we are to ſatisfie the importunity of hers.

Val. Well; I am ſatisfy'd, I am her Man.

Sir *Ant.* Or any Woman's Man, who wants to be ſatisfy'd.

Val. She muſt like me, for being of her Opinion, in liking thee.

Sir *Ant.* That indeed may do ſomething, and time may bring it about: In ſhort, this is the Engliſh Lady you have heard me ſpeak of: I allow her the favour of my Perſon; and ſhe allows me the freedom of her Purſe: And I am glad I command it ſo luckily, to anſwer the Occaſions of my Friends.

Ilf. You can command nothing we can have occaſion for.

Val. By your Pardon, Sir, you may be too proud to be oblig'd; but I have occaſion for the Money and Woman too, ſo as you were ſaying, Sir *Antony*——

Enter a Servant, Ilford *goes to him.*

Sir *Ant.* Why, I ſtill ſay a true bred Engliſh-man is ever out of humour when he's out of Pocket: He knows no more how to want Money, than how to borrow it——

Val. And when he does, is as ſurly in borrowing, as others are in lending Money.

Sir *Ant.* 'Tis almoſt as dangerous too, to offer him Money, as to lend Money to another Man: For he is as likely, out of a want of Senſe, to ſuffer your Courteſie; as a Stranger, out of a want of Honeſty, never to return it.

Val. That way, indeed, our Countrymen take care, never to think themſelves oblig'd: We can be ungrateful——

Sir *Ant.* And cheat our Benefactors of their good Offices, by an Ingratitude, almoſt natural to us; and that makes a tolerable amends for our want of the more ſublim'd Villanies of warmer Countries.

Val. But the Lady, Sir *Antony*——

Sir *Ant.* More of the Lady at leiſure; in the mean time, here are Fifty Pieces of hers, to keep up your Fancy: If your Occaſions require a greater Sum—— ſhe ſhall ſupply you——

Val. And I'll ſupply her.

Sir *Ant.* Upon your Bond, for the payment of the whole to her in *England*——

Val. By all means.

Sir *Ant.* A Blank Bond, becauſe ſhe wou'd not be known here.

Val. With all my Heart, but won't ſhe take a Gentleman's Word?

Sir *Ant.* O yes, when ſhe has his Bond for the performance. When our ſurly Friend is Civil enough to be oblig'd, I have a Twin-Purſe at his Service too.

Val. You are very much out of his Favour of late.

Sir *Ant.* So I find: What's the Matter with the Fool?

Val. How have you diſoblig'd him?

Sir *Ant.* But he's in Love, and conſequently an Aſs.

Val. And I believe Jealous of you.

Sir *Ant.* Faith I'll give him Cauſe. *Volante* is as fit for my purpoſe of Tormenting him that way, as I could wiſh. Shall we to the *Abbe*, Gentlemen?

Ilf. Golding! An Engliſh-Man? *Ser.* So his Servants tell me, Sir.

Ilf. Juſt come to Town, ſay'ſt thou?

Ser. He has not peep'd abroad, ſince his coming, Sir.

Ilf. Do you know any ſuch Gentleman, *Valentine?*

Val. I did; a conſiderable Coxcomb of that Name, in *England*; a Knight, Sir *Gentle Golding*. Sir *Antony*, you may have known him too.

Sir Ant. I have heard of him. If this ſhou'd prove my Coxcomb Governour. [*Aſide to him.*

Val. But Damn him, he has not Courage enough to croſs the Channel.

Sir Ant. I know he is in *France*, I heard of him at *Paris*.

Serv. Faith, Sir, it muſt be the Man——

Sir Ant. Whom we muſt manage then. [*To* Wait-well.

Val. Why do'ſt think ſo?

Serv. Your Deſcription is ſo like him, Sir.

Val. Why, haſt thou found him out——

Ilf. For his Father's Son, and his Mother's Fool.

Sir Ant. And our Fool, Gentlemen: If he be a Fool, I'll have my Snack of him.

Serv. There's enough for you all, without wronging the Family, as he will quickly convince you. He knows you, Sir—— [*To* Valentine.

Val. Then 'tis the very Fool. *Serv.* And deſigns to wait upon you.

Val. At his Peril be't: I owe him a Revenge, for *Lucia*'s ſake.

Ilf. Is this the Spark? *Val.* That bought her of her Aunt——

Sir Ant. Now for my Character. [*To* Wait-well.

Val. When ſhe was yet too young, to Judge between the Fortune and the Fool.

Sir Ant. That's ſome Excuſe however.

Ilf. A little time ſhew'd her, her ſenſeleſs Bargain.

Val. So I hear.

Sir Ant. Which, ſhe repenting, gave you the cheaper Penniworth of her Perſon: Then was the time——

Val. That I was in *France*, out of the reach of any other Pleaſure, had ſhe deſign'd me any, than the bare News, that ſhe had found him out, loath'd, and abhorr'd him.

Ilf. Loathing and Abhorring, are Tokens of Mortification indeed: But Pennance is not enough for ſuch a Fault; 'tis generally as ſhort liv'd, as the Sin that begot it. What marks of Amendment has ſhe ſince given?

Sir Ant. What marks of Amendment wou'd you have?

Val. I know nothing of her Amendment.

Sir Ant. Wou'd you have her Snivle, like a Girl; more afraid of her Mother, than the Sin; and cry, forgive me this one ſlip, I'll do ſo no more——

Val. Repent upon the firſt Intrigue——

Sir Ant. Turn Honeſt, and diſparage the Pleaſure, by leaving the Trade.

Val. That muſt not be. *Sir Ant.* By no means, *Valentine*.

Val. Wou'd you have her already fall off——

Sir Ant. Become a Civil Perſon—— *Val.* And take up——

Ilf. With ſome body that better deſerves her; that way I wou'd have her a Civil Perſon, and fall off from her Fool.

Sir Ant. Indeed a Woman never repents of a Fool ſo heartily, as in the Arms of a Man of Senſe.

Val. How Fortune has diſpos'd of her, I know not; but I lik'd her once ſo

well, I wou'd have her ſtill preſerve my good Opinion of her Conduct: If ſhe has manag'd her Monſter, as he deſerv'd, ſhe has made Money and Mirth of him; and me ſome Amends for the loſs of her, by mending her Condition.

Sir Ant. If that will preſerve your good Opinion of her, ſhe will continue it: For I hear ſhe has us'd him as ill, as you cou'd deſire from your Revenge; or the Town expect from their Hopes of a Libel.

Val. Then I honour her.

Sir Ant. She has robb'd him of Five Hundred Pounds, run away from him; and ſo expos'd him, that he has been the common Rhyming Theam, the Hackney *Pegaſus* for the Puny Poets to ſet out upon, in their vaſt Ambition, of arriving at a Lampoon.

Ilf. And that perhaps has ſent him into *France*.

Val. Well, I will have her Knighted.

Sir Ant. Of what Order? A Knight Errant, or an Errant Knight?

Val. A Knight Errant, of thy Order, ſhe muſt be.

Wait. That ſhe is already. [*Aſide.*

Val. And thee a Right Honourable, for thy News.

Sir Ant. You may depend upon it.

Val. If ever I light on her, I'll thank her for this Juſtice to us all.

Ilf. *Golding* may tell us more of her.

Val. So he may; you, Sir, wait at our Lodgings for him, [*To a Serv.*
And direct him to the *Abbe*'s, if he comes:
We'll laugh at him, if we do nothing more.

Sir Ant. But he and I muſt clear another ſcore. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I. *A Garden.*

Count *Canaile*, and the *Abbe*.

Can. BRother, you may forget your ſelf, and your Rank, as much as you pleaſe, in our Niece *Volante*: I have nothing to do with her, but to wiſh her well.

Abb. 'Tis very well.

Can. You are her Guardian: Her Perſon, her Fortune, and her Conduct are in your Care.

Abb. I'll take Care of 'em.

Can. You muſt anſwer for 'em.

Abb. I will anſwer for 'em.

Can. But my Daughters are under my Government; and whilſt they are, they muſt, nay ſhall do nothing to diſhonour me.

Abb. They will do nothing to diſhonour you.

Can. I'll put it out of their Power, had they a mind to't.

Abb. They ha' no ſuch Mind.

Can. That's more than I can tell, from the Liberties you give theſe Engliſh-men in our Family—— *Abb.*

Abb. They are Gentlemen.

Can. I apprehend a Danger, tho' you won't.

Abb. Pugh, pugh, there is no danger.

Can. I'll prevent it, if there were.

Abb. All Men of Fortune, in their Countrey.

Can. They are not Men of Quality. Wou'd Count *Verola* were come. [*Walking about.*

Abb. Don't do ſo raſh a thing.

Can. I'll rid my ſelf of all my fears at once; diſpoſe my youngeſt Daughter in a Nunnery, and inſtantly marry *Floriante*——

Abb. To make her more miſerable.

Can. Suitable to her Birth.

Abb. To a Fool, the worſt of Fools; a Singular, Opinionated, Obſtinate, Crooked-temper'd, Jealous-pated Fool.

Can. If he were ſo, that Fool's a Count; and the Count makes amends for the Fool.

Abb. Then he is welcome—— [*Count* Verole *enters to 'em.*] Virtue created firſt Nobility; but in our honourable Ignorance Nobility makes Virtue.

Ver. What ſays the *Abbe?*

Can. Sir, you are moſt welcome.

Ver. I ſhall be glad to find it from the Man I ſo much honour—— [*Exeunt* Ver. *and* Canaile.

Abb. For his Title,
That's all this Fellow thinks worth honouring.
Hang 'em, they make me Grave——
But that a Brother of my Blood ſhou'd chuſe a Coxcomb out——
But if my Brother prove a Coxcomb too,
That Wonder's over——
Then 'tis their mutual intereſt to joyn;
Each likes the other to excuſe himſelf. [*Sir* Ant. Val. *and* Ilford *enter to him.*

Sir Ant. Ah, Monſieur *L' Abbe.*

Ilf. You have prevented us.

Val. We were going to viſit you.

Abb. In Nomine Domine, Amen.

Ilf. The *Abbe* making his Will!

Sir Ant. Amen to our *Abbe*'s Devotions.

Abb. You fall as naturally as a Pariſh-Clerk, into the cloſe of a Prayer.

Sir Ant. I love to bring things to a good end.

Abb. Nay I have done; my Devotion won't tire your Attention.

Sir Ant. You are like the Prelate, that being dignify'd for long Prayers, hated them ever after.

Abb. Long Prayers are for poor Prieſts that want Preferment, Men of Quality riſe without 'em.

Val. In Men of your Rank they are Phariſaical, and always to carry on a Deſign.

Abb. I neither have a Faith in them nor their Followers; and therefore I ſeldom or never pray at all.

Ilf. How!

Ilf. How! never Pray at all?

Abb. The Church and I are agreed upon the Bargain; and few words are beſt, when the Parties are of a mind.

Val. But the Church may better your Bargain.

Abb. I am mortify'd to the Dignities and Deſigns of the Church; have laid aſide the Pomp and Pride of my Profeſſion, I am contented to ſit down in a *Sine-Cure*; and, with the poor pittance of 2000 Piſtols a year, make the moſt of a good Conſcience and good Company.

Ilf. A good Conſcience is good Company indeed.

Abb. I mean, Sir, I'll make a Conſcience of good Company——

Sir Ant. Make the beſt of the Bleſſing, and enjoy it as long as you can.

Abb. Ah! my little Knight underſtands me, tho' you won't, Sir.

Val. You'll anger him—— [*To* Ilford.

Abb. He jumps into the Point with me.

Sir Ant. And into the Company too, dear *Abbe*; I muſt make one.

Abb. Make one, thou mak'ſt all; thou'rt all in all; the whole Company thy ſelf; thou art every thing with every body; a Man among the Women, and a Woman among the Men. [Abbe *wantons with Sir* Ant.

Val. How *Abbe! Sir Antony* a Woman?

Abb. One might indeed miſtake him, by his Face.

Ilf. He wou'd miſtake him, I believe.

Val. Somewhere elſe.

Abb. But there's no faith in Faces; the Women have found him out, and won't truſt him.

Sir Ant. Ay, ay, the Women *Abbe*, the Ladies——

Abb. As mad as ever they were, my Nieces you mean!

Sir Ant. I long to be among 'em.

Abb. Nay, they long too, if that wou'd do 'em any good. And think it long.

Sir Ant. I have not ſpoke to a Woman this half hour.

Val. We are all idle without you.

Ilf. Sin has been as ſilent among us.

Sir Ant. As in the firſt Seſſion of a Parliament, in fear of a Reformation.

Abb. Ah! very well, I faith, my little Man. But no, no Reformation, I warrant you; matters ſhall not be much mended by my Management; Sin muſt ſometimes get the better of the Saint.

Sir Ant. Or the Devil may ſtill wear black, Sir.

Abb. Let him wear what he will: We have had him in our Family this Morning.

Val. What's the matter?

Abb. My Brother has diſcover'd ſomething between you, and his Eldeſt Daughter.

Val. That's unlucky.

Abb. Which to prevent, he deſigns to Marry her inſtantly to Count *Verole*.

Ilf. That's bad indeed. *Val.* What is there to be done?

Abb. Nothing that I know of.

Sir Ant. What's to be done? Any thing's to be done?

Val. What

Val. What if I run away with her?

Abb. With all my heart. *Val.* Or if I cut his Throat.

Sir Ant. With all my heart.

Val. Or Bed-rid him with a beating. *Ilf.* With all my heart.

Sir Ant. If none of theſe will do, let him Marry her.

Val. And I muſt ſay with all my Heart.

Sir Ant. If you can't make her your Wife, make him your Cuckold.

Abb. With all my heart. *Val.* Ah! if I durſt but hope that way.

Abb. Hope, you muſt hope Man, and you muſt dare Man, if you wou'd do any thing with the Women.

Val. Can you encourage me?

Abb. Why, Faith, what-ever her Father deſigns, ſhes does not deſign to Marry him: And Diſobedience may make way for other Sins.

Val. I know ſhe hates him.

Abb. And I know ſhe likes you. And if I have any Authority from the Church———

Ilf. Which is not to be diſputed.

Abb. Or any Intereſt from my Eſtate——

Val. Which muſt be conſiderable——

Sir Ant. Not to be oppos'd———

Abb. And which muſt furniſh the better part of her Fortune, he ſha'nt have her.

Val. That's gaining time at leaſt.

Ilf. He's naturally jealous.

Sir Ant. And has ſettled that Nature by a Spaniſh Education, they ſay.

Abb. He was bred in *Spain* indeed.

Ilf. A miſerable Woman ſhe muſt be then.

Abb. I wou'd not have a Niece of mine marry'd into a Family, or Nation, where, if ſhe diſlike her own Man, ſhe can have no body elſe.

Val. Our Women are the happy Women, Sir.

Abb. Why, indeed your Engliſh-men are the fitteſt Men for Husbands in the World! Wou'd all my Female Relations were married into your Countrey!

Ilf. Wou'd they thought as well of us, as you do.

Abb. There if a Lady quarrels at her Condition, or likes another Man better than her Husband; which ſometimes may happen, you know.

Val. Such things have happen'd indeed.

Abb. There they ſay Cuckoldom is in faſhion.

Sir Ant. Nay, more than in faſhion, Sir, 'tis according to Law; Cuckoldom is the Liberty, and a ſeperate Maintenance, the Property of the Free-born Women of *England.*

Ilf. We give our Women fair play for't.

Val. And ſcorn any Tie upon 'em, more than their Inclinations.

Abb. Why, what wou'd a Lady ask more in Marriage? I'll maintain it, ſuch a Priviledge is better than her Dower; and in a prudent Woman's thoughts, muſt take place of any other Conſideration.

Ilf. 'Tis as much before a Dower in Profit too, as in time; for a Husband may cheat a Wife of her Dower.

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. Or wear out her Title by out-living her; and then ſhe is bob'd of her Reverſion.

Val. Or leave her ſo old, ſhe may be paſt having any good from it.

Sir Ant. Unleſs ſhe lays it out in redeeming ſome younger Brother——

Ilf. That had ſpent his Annuity in a Lord's Company——

Sir Ant. Or in following a Common Whore——

Val. Or in following as Common a Miſtreſs, the Court.

Sir Ant. And being reduc'd to the laſt Fifty, had ventur'd it prudently on a Birth-day Coat, and the Hopes of an Employment.

Ilf. One, who in ſpight of having been once undone, will have no more profit from his Experience, than to fall into the ſame folly agen, with the ſame occaſion.

Abb. Then hang him for a Fool, enough of him ——I am convinc'd with what you ſay, Gentlemen: And you ſhall have my Niece, you have her Conſent, and my Conſent, and *Sir Antony*'s good Word; which I promiſe you, goes a great way with the Women.

Val. Your Niece *Volante* is her Confident.

Abb. I'll make her your Friend. [*A Servant whiſpers the* Abbe.

Sir Ant. I'll ſecure her for you. *Ilf.* Why you ſecure her?

Sir Ant. For ſuch a favour, Sir, I think I may.

Ilf. Your Intereſt is mighty.

Sir Ant. So far I can engage her. *Ilf.* You engage her!

Sir Ant. Nay, oblige her.

Ilf. Her Friendſhip may oblige her, but not you.

Abb. Pray don't quarrel about obliging her; *Volante* is my Favourite, ſhe ſhall pleaſe her ſelf, and I believe wou'd pleaſe *Sir Antony*—— Gentlemen, you are three, and my Nieces are three; I wo'nt meddle in your Choice; agree among your ſelves; win 'em, and wear 'em; I had rather you ſhou'd have 'em, than my Brother diſpoſe of 'em.

Val. Sir, you oblige us all.

Abb. Our Dinner ſtays for us, we'll ſettle thoſe things within: I have almoſt forgot the extraordinary Part of my Entertainment, I have a Pilgrim for you.

Ilf. We have had him already.

Sir Ant. And our ſhare of laughing at him too, Sir.

Abb. He pretends to be a Man of extraordinary Sanctity; I medled with that as little as I cou'd, for fear of raiſing a Spirit I cou'd not lay; beſides, I had matters of more moment to mind then.

Val. How did you get rid of him?

Abb. With much ado I put him and his Hiſtory off, telling him, ſome Engliſh Hereticks were to Dine with me——

Sir Ant. We are oblig'd to you, Sir.

Abb. And if he pleas'd to ſpare that miraculous Account, (which he will be ſure to give of himſelf) for the Converſion of the Wicked, he might then have a proper occaſion for ſo great a Deſign.

Sir Ant. I ſhould think the worſe of my Conſtitution as long as I liv'd, if I ſhou'd grow qualmiſh of any thing he cou'd ſay to me.

Abb. I

Abb. I knew I must hear him, and therefore provided your Conversation to qualify his.

Val. The Novelty may divert us.

Ilf. He professes more Charity, than to force his Nonsence upon you.

Abb. That Punishment I must go through, before he will go away, and pay for my Penance too.

Ilf. At the expence of his Vow of Poverty.

Abb. Pray Gentlemen, along with me,
I don't desire you to believe all he says.
Take what you like, and laugh at all the rest.

Val. Why, there our Christian Liberty's confest.

Sir Ant. Wou'd we had ne're a more imposing Priest. [*Exeunt.*

[Ilford *pulls* Sir Antony *by the Sleeve.*

Ilf. One word before you go.

Sir Ant. Prithee come along—— no Cautioning in such a slight Affair——

Ilf. I am glad you think it such a slight Affair.

Sir Ant. Meer merriment. *Ilf.* I never thought it more.

Sir Ant. Matter of Mirth, and Jest.

Ilf. Nay, that's too much.

Sir Ant. Upon a foolish Pilgrim. *Ilf.* Upon *Volante.*

Sir Ant. Volante! Thou talk'st of *Volante*, and I answer thee, the Pilgrim: Why thou art distracted, Man; and I shall suspect my self to be no wiser than I shou'd be, for keeping thee Company.

Ilf. Sir, however you think to carry it, I must tell you——

Sir Ant. With a very Grave Face—— *Ilf.* This is no jesting time——

Sir Ant. Because 'tis a ridiculous Subject.

Ilf. That I am in love—— *Sir Ant.* In serious sadness.

Ilf. With that Lady.

Sir Ant. That never was sad, nor serious in her life: Prithee, no more of this, *Ilford*, in Love! Thou art a very honest Fellow, and hast a great many good Qualities, but thy Talent lies quite another way.

Ilf. Sir, I am serious enough to be angry, if you laugh at me.

Sir Ant. But you are in Love with her, you say: Why every body that sees her, is in Love with her, if that wou'd do any good; but is she in Love with you?

Ilf. I think my Estate may recommend my Person to a Welcome, where-ever I pretend.

Sir Ant. Do's she think so? *Ilf.* Why do you ask the Question?

Sir Ant. Volante is too Witty, to be very Wise; and requires no Settlement, but her Man.

Ilf. And why may not I be her Man, pray?

Sir Ant. Fy, Fy, Sir, more Modesty might become a Man of your Gravity! You her Man! No, no, she's otherwise dispos'd of, I assure you.

Ilf. What, you follow her!

Sir Ant. Nay, you follow her; she does not put me to the trouble.

Ilf. No, Sir—— I shall put you to more trouble, if you don't quit your Pretensions to her——

Sir *Ant.* Quit my Pretenſions to her!

Ilf. And promiſe me—— Sir *Ant.* I will promiſe you——

Ilf. O, will you ſo, Sir?

Sir Ant. That (whatever I would have done by fair means) I will now follow her in ſpight of your Teeth——

Ilf. In ſpight of my Teeth——

Sir Ant. Purſue her, till ſhe yield to my Deſires——

Ilf. The Devil you will! *Sir Ant.* And lye with her under your Noſe.

Ilf. You ſhall be Damn'd firſt.

Sir Ant. Nay, then have at the Lady.

[Volante *Entring, ſees 'em fighting, ſhrieks, and runs out,* Sir Antony *after her, and returns with her in his hand.*

Ilf. This was a Trick to ſave his Cowardice.

Sir Ant. I had rather part with my Pretenſion to a Quarrel, than to my Miſtreſs at any time.

Vol. I hope you are not hurt.

Ilf. Sir, you aſſert a Priviledge, the Lady never gave you, of Treating her at that Familiar rate. *Vol.* At what familiar rate?

Sir *Ant.* Sir, you may be reſpectful, look ſimply, and bow at a diſtance, in a Modeſt Diſpair, of ever coming nearer to pleaſe; but I am for a cloſer Converſation, when I like my Company.

Vol. I am ſorry, Sir, my Carriage gives Offence; but I muſt think you treat me more familiarly, that ſaucily ſhou'd dare to cenſure me, limit my Actions, and preſcribe me Rules.

Sir *Ant.* A Fooliſh Fellow, Madam, not worth your Anger; leave him to his Repentance, and your Scorn.

Ilf. I muſt bear it all.

Vol. But pray, how came this Difference?

Ilf. 'Twas your Quarrel, Madam. *Vol.* I am ſorry for it.

Sir Ant. You may judge what a Husband he'll make, who (being but a Servant) dares aſſume an Authority over you——

Vol. Which I never gave him, that I remember.

Sir Ant. I told you, you were out of the Road of her Favour. [*To* Ilford.

Vol. The Report of this Quarrel, and the Occaſion of it, will be but a ſcandalous addition to my Fame, when it comes to be the Tattle of the Town.

Ilf. It ſhall go no further for me.

Vol. I ſuppoſe the folly on't will keep you ſilent; you may be aſham'd on't indeed.

Ilf. I beg you Pardon for it.

Vol. Beg, Sir *Antony*'s; for till he pardons you, I am ſure, I won't.

Sir Ant. There is no Remedy, you muſt ſubmit.

Ilf. I am a Woman's Fool, and muſt obey. [*They Embrace.*

Sir Ant. 'Tis many a Wife Man's Fortune.

Ilf. We are Friends.

Vol. If you have Favours to expect from me, deſerve 'em by fair means.

Sir Ant. Or come to me, and I'll ſpeak a good word for thee to the Lady.

Ilf. You Triumph, Sir.

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. Till when, we take our leaves. [*Leads* Volanti *out.*

Ilf. Pox! I deſerve it all,
For putting it into her Power to uſe me ſo:
He's Ten Years younger than I am,
And conſequently ſo much handſomer in her Eye:
He prates a great deal more, and better than I do
For her purpoſe, and therefore lies better in her Ear:
He has the Advantage of me, in every Vanity
That can betray a Girl; *Volante*'s a Girl,
And what cou'd I expect for my honourable Love for her?
When, in the weakneſs of a Woman's Choice,
She will prefer the preſent laughing hour
To all that can come after.
If this wou'd cure me now, 'twere a Leſſon well learn'd:
I'll hear what the Pilgrim can ſay upon this Subject;
I'll liſten to his Lies, they are leſs miſchevious,
And may drive this Woman out of my Head. [*Exit.*

Enter Floriante *and* Charlott.

Flo. Is not that Sir *Antony*? *Char.* With my Couſin *Volante*. We ſhall have 'em at the turning of the Walk.

Flo. They are proper Counſellors for our purpoſe of Diſobedience——

Char. As we cou'd ha' met withal.

Flo. You'll be no Nun, Siſter? *Char.* Nor you no Counteſs?

Flo. I wou'd be as willingly enclos'd in the Walls of a Monaſtery, as in the Arms of that Count *Verole*; and in the Arms of Death rather than in either.

Char. Well; I'm not ſo difficult; I had rather be alive upon any Terms, than dead upon the beſt; I had rather be a Nun, than be nothing at all; tho' there's nothing I had not rather be, than be a Nun.

Flo. Any Man's Company, rather than the Company of all Women.

Char. 'Tis more to my Humour, I confeſs to you, among the reſt of my Venial Offences; But *Valentine!* he is your Man, Siſter; wou'd I had the fellow of him———

Flo. For your Confeſſour, Siſter?

Char. I cou'd confeſs ſomething to him that wou'd make him enjoyn me another kind of Penance, than my Prayers.

Flo. What! Abſolve you from your Devotion?

Char. And perſwade him to make a Sinner of me, rather than ſuffer my Father to make me a Saint, ſo much before my time.

Flo. You are a mad Girl: But what of *Valentine?*

Char. He ſhou'd not be out of our Deſign.

Flo. I'll anſwer for him, he won't.

Char. His Intereſt's ſo concern'd, he ſhould not be wanting in any occaſion of abuſing our Father.

Flo. Or of uſing the Count as he deſerves.

Char. They're both behind us, Mum———

Count Canaile *and Count* Verole *enter.*

Can. I have prepar'd my Daughter to receive the Honour

You intend our House and her, by this Alliance with us;
She too well knows what's owing to a Father and her self,
To my Authority and her own Birth, now to dispute
What I design for her; she ha's my Will,
The rest I leave to you——— [*Exit.*

Ver. Madam, you hear your Father, and I come
Thro' his Authority, to speak my Love;
Tho' bateing his Authority, I must think
There need not many Arguments to move,
More than your knowing me, and what I am.

Flo. My Lord, that goes a great way with me, I assure you.

Char. She knows you and your Qualities, my Lord,
And esteem's 'em accordingly: I have heard her say,
She was very much oblig'd to you, and shou'd be more——

Flo. If he wou'd hang himself—— [*Aside.*

Ver. For what, young Lady? *Char.* For your kind Care of me.

Ver. I'm glad you're sensible I mean you well.

Char. O yes, Sir, sensible! so sensible,
I must be oblig'd in Conscience to thank you,
For advising my Father to send me to a Nunnery:
The Devil take you for your Advice. [*Aside.*

Ver. A Nunnery is Virtue's best Retreat from a bad World.

Char. But if my Sisters Fortune, in your Opinion,
Had not wanted mending more than my Manners——

Flo. Fy, *Charlott*, you'll tell all. *Ver.* How cou'd she guess at that?

Char. I might have continued in this bad World,
For any Advice the Count wou'd have given,
In his great care of me to my Father;
But I'll be reveng'd on him——
Do as much mischief as I can while I am in the World,
And repent when I am out on't, and can do no more.

Flo. Bring Sir *Antony* to my rescue, I beseech thee. [*Exit* Charlott.

Ver. Your Sister's disoblig'd,
But I've my ends in serving you———

Flo. In serving of your self:
For what I got by her, my Fathers says,
You must command.

Ver. To make it but more yours.

Flo. So you promise all before you have enclos'd us,
But possess'd, our Fortunes, and our Persons are your Slaves,
Us'd like your Slaves, and often both abus'd.

Ver. This is a common Subject for your Sex.
[*Sir* Ant. Volante *and* Charlott *enter.*
To boast the Glory of your Wit upon;
But I'm above the taste of common things,
Being born above the Rank of common Men.

Sir Ant. Out of the Rank, he means, of commen Men; and indeed, he
scarcely looks of Humane Kind. *Ver.*

Ver. What do I look like then?

Sir Ant. There's nothing like you, you are your ſelf.

Ver. I wou'd be nothing elſe.

Sir Ant. What, not of God's Creation?

Ver. I am of his Creation.

Sir Ant. Of the King's you may be; but he who makes a Count, ne're made a Man; remember that, and fall that mighty Creſt.

Ver. It ſeems you know me then.

Sir Ant. By that coy, cock't-up Noſe, that hinders you from ſeeing any Man, that does not ſtand upon the Shoulders of his Anceſtors, for long Deſcents of farr-fam'd Heraldry: I take you for a Thing, they call a Count; for had you not been a Count, you had been nothing, at leaſt I'm ſure you had been nothing here.

Ver. I would be nothing, if I were no Count.

Char. Pray more reſpect. *Flo.* This is the Count *Verole*.

Sir Ant. O, is it ſo? *Vol.* That's to Marry my Cozen.

Sir Ant. I have been too bold, pray Ladies joyn with me——

Char. To laugh at him. *Sir Ant.* To ask his Pardon.

Ver. For the future, know me, and know your ſelf, I ask no more.

Sir Ant. Then I am pardon'd, for I know my ſelf, and think I know your Worſhip. Can you fight?

Ver. Ha! What do you mean?

Sir Ant. Why faith I come but upon a ſurly Embaſſie; and a finical Phraſe that wou'd fit the fineneſs of your Quality, wou'd not become my buſineſs.

Ver. What does the Gentleman mean?

Sir Ant. Walk but aſide with me, I'll tell you what I mean.

Ver. You have no Secret for me?

Sir Ant. Why then it ſhall be none.

Ver. He won't draw before the Women, ſure. [*Aſide.*

Sir Ant. Since the Ladies muſt be by, as they muſt be the Judges at laſt, you muſt know then, I come to you from a Gentleman——

Ver. Is he no more?

Sir Ant. He's every thing in that, that makes a Man.

Ver. You may go, as you came, for me, Sir, if he be but a Gentleman.

Sir *Ant.* His name is *Valentine*, your Rival in that Lady.

Ver. My Rival is my Equal; I am born above his Rank, he cannot rival me.

Sir *Ant.* He does rival you, and will rival you.

Ver. Envy he may my Fortune with that Lady.

Sir *Ant.* Well! Envy then, if that muſt be the Word; he envies you; and only wants an opportunity of telling you, how much he envies you.

Flo. A modeſt Requeſt truly.

Char. He can't deny it him——

Vol. Before his Miſtreſs too.

Sir *Ant.* Now Sir, if you will be ſo courteous, as by me, who am to be his Second, to favour him with knowing where, and when he may wait upon you, you will oblige me by this Civility to ſerve your Friend, as he deſigns to ſerve you.

Ver. How.

Ver. How may that be, pray?

Sir Ant. To Cut your Throat, Sir.

Ver. O Sir, I'll ſpare his Compliment.

Sir Ant. My Friend's an Engliſh Man, and never loſes a Miſtreſs for want of fighting for her, I aſſure you: Nay, I have known ſome of my Countrymen, rather than not make a Quarrel in the Families they made love in, have beat their very Women into good Nature, and Conſent.

Char. It ſhou'd be good Nature for another then.

Flo. Such Arguments wou'd not prevail on us.

Vol. Unleſs to Cuckold 'em.

Sir Ant. For one reaſon or another, [*Goes to* Verole. There are Cuckolds every where.

Char. How will our Count get rid of this buſineſs?

Sir Ant. I wait your Anſwer, Sir.

Ver. My Anſwer is, when I am as angry as your Friend is, which, at preſent, I have no reaſon to be; nor to a day, can certainly ſay when I ſhall be———

Sir Ant. You muſt be made angry then.

Ver. When I am under a defeat of my hopes about that Lady, as he may be, and, in an abſolute deſpair of better ſucceſs, and have nothing elſe to do with my ſelf, I may be angry, and then I may fight with him.

Sir Ant. Muſt you be angry when you fight?

Ver. Or Mad, or Drunk; 'tis no Employment for a ſober Man.

Sir Ant. Have you no Notion of Courage?

Ver. Notion indeed, young Man; for Courage is no more, than juſt ſuch a degree of Heat, to ſome Complexions natural; but thoſe Men, who want that Heat, may raiſe their Spirits to't.

Sir Ant. I marry! there's a Receipt indeed.

Ver. Paſſion will fire the coldeſt Elements; the Lees of Wine ferment the dulleſt Phlegm to Froth and Vapour; I've ſeen a Drunkard in this Fit, attempt dangers to Rival *Ceſar*: If ſuch Extravagancies make the Brave, Madmen are Heroes.

Sir Ant. This won't do my buſineſs. Will you fight?

Ver. 'Tis common Soldiers work.

Sir Ant. You muſt fight with him.

Ver. Not while I can hire Ruffians to take the trouble off my Hands.

Sir Ant. You muſt expect to be us'd very ſcurvily, where-ever he meets you. [Valentine, Ilford, *with Sir* Gent. Golding *Enter.*

Ver. I ſhall be provided for him.

Sir Ant. O, here he comes himſelf.

Ver. If you're for muſtring your Friends, I have your Father of my Party. [*Exit in diſorder. Women laugh at him.*

Val. The Ladies never want an entertainment, when they have Sir *Antony* to encourage the Mirth. Pray what particular Diverſion has he given you?

Char. Very particular indeed. [*The Ladies aſide with* Valentine.

Val. You were a Party concern'd.

Flo. And only wanting to make up the Farce.

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. Yes, this is he, my very, very Fool!

Sir Gent. Very handſom Gentlewoman indeed, all three of 'em: and that's Sir *Antony*, that the Abbe commended ſo much.

Ilf. The very ſame, Sir.

Sir Gent. I will be acquainted with him—— [*Goes to Salute Sir* Ant.

Ilf. Sir *Antony*——

Sir Gent. Sir you moſt humble Servant.

Sir Ant. Do you know me, Sir?

Sir Gent. Not I, but I'm an Engliſh man, and the Engliſh always keep together Abroad, they ſay, for fear of being cheated.

Ilf. Of their Money, or Manners?

Sir Ant. Of their Mother Tongue.

Sir Gent. Of their Mother-Church, their Religion. Now I deſigning to continue, as I am——

Ilf. A Fool.

Sir Gent. Have a mind to ſpend my Money among my Country-men.

Sir Ant. You're very welcome——

Ilf. To be cheated only by your Friends.

Sir Gent. There's *Valentine*, a very pretty Fellow; but I have known him a great while; I am for Variety, and freſh Faces: Here's honeſt *Ilford*, my very good Friend, of half an hours acquaintance, will recommend me.

Sir Ant. You recommend your ſelf, Sir.

Sir Gent. Truly I hear you are an Extraordinary Perſon, and a Knight, Sir; I am a Knight my ſelf, Sir!

Sir Ant. And an extraordinary Perſon truly: Pray of what Family, Sir?

Sir Gent. Of what Family? Of my Father's Family before me; the Family of the *Goldings*, of which, I am your Servant, and Sir *Gentle Golding*.

Val. Alas poor Count! I vow I pity him.
Where's this mad Knight? Oh! [*Sees the two Knights in ſalutation.*
You are before me it ſeems; but ſince
I come too late to recommend Sir *Gentle* to you,
Pray do you recommend him to the Ladies.

Sir Ant. This is Sir *Gentle Golding*—— [*Sir* Gent. *ſalutes the Women.*

Sir Gent. Sir, as I may ſay, I may thank you for this favour.

Sir Ant. If you are for this ſport, I'll find you Game, Sir.

Sir Gent. O, of all things I love the Women.

Vol. Sir *Gentle* declares that by his Dreſſing.

Sir Ant. You ſhan't dreſs in vain, I'll find you employment among 'em.

Sir Gent. I'll depend upon you then, and from this time forward, we muſt be intimate as Men of the ſame Brother-hood, and Worſhip—— ought to be.

Char. See, ſee, our Count has rally'd again! [*Looking on.*

Val. With your Father in his Tail, to ſuſtain him.

Flo. We muſt not ſtay till they come. At Night I may expect you?

Val. If any thing extraordinary happens——

Vol. I'll come expreſs with the Tidings.

Flo. You ſhall hear from us.

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. Your ſervant, your ſervant. [*Exeunt Women.*

Val. You ſee, Sir *Gentle*, we make a ſhift.

Sir Ant. Make Shift! We make a Carnival; all the Year a Carnival: Every Man his Woman, and a new one at every Town we come at.

Sir Gent. Ah, wou'd I could ſay ſo too!

Val. You ſay ſo, Sir *Gentle*? Fye, fye, you don't deſire to ſay ſo, to my knowledge.

Sir Gent. That's very fine i'faith.

Val. You only rally your Country Men.

Sir Gent. Not I, as I hope to be ſav'd, *Val*, tho' I love a Joke, I never rally a Friend.

Val. You a Miſtreſs! Why, you have forſworn the Sex!

Sir Gent. O Lord, O Lord! that's a likely buſineſs indeed! I forſwear the Sex! I wou'd as ſoon forſwear my own Sex, as the Womens; why, I have made it my indeavour, ever ſince I was a Man of Eſtate, to be accounted a Knight of Intrigue; ſo you never were more miſtaken ſince you were born, Sir.

Val. Why, what a lying World we live in! I was told you were ſo ſcurvily us'd in *England*——

Sir *Gent.* Softly, ſoftly, Man.

Val. By *Lucia*——

Sir *Gent.* A Jilting Jade! You knew her, not worth remembring.

Val. That you were reſolved never to venture on the Sex agen.

Sir *Gent.* Prithee, dear *Val*, no more on't: There's ſome ill Nature in my part of the Story; I wou'd not have it go further for my own ſake.

Ilf. It goes no further for our hearing it.

Sir Ant. We know it already.

Sir Gent. Ay, it may be ſo; I confeſs, poor Creature, I gave her a Jealouſie of another Woman.

Sir Ant. And that perhaps, in her Deſpair of pleaſing you much longer, might be a Reaſon of doing what ſhe did.

Sir Gent. Why truly very likely.

Val. And therefore ſhe robb'd you. *Ilf.* Of 500 Pounds.

Sir Ant. She might ha' ſhew'd a Conſcience in her cheating though! Five Hundred Pounds was too much in reaſon——

Sir Gent. Sir *Antony*, you are my Friend upon all occaſions; but the truth is, I gave her an Opportunity; left my Cabinet open on purpoſe; and was glad to get rid of her for the Money.

Sir Ant. You ſhall pay as round a Sum for this Lie, before I part with your Vanity. [*Aſide.*

Val. And this is all?

Sir Gent. The ſhort and long of the ſtory.

Sir Ant. Leave the ſilly Creature to her Garret, where ſhe will be in a little time: ſhe'll hang her ſelf in her Garters when the Money is ſpent.

Sir Gent. I warrant her, will-ſhe, and be glad to come off ſo too.

Val. So, forgetting Diſaſters at home, you travel——

Ilf. To drive and old Miſtreſs out of his Head.

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. And recover here, what he had loſt in *England* by the Gallantry of a French Intrigue——

Sir Gent. Which I come qualified for, Gentlemen; being able to bid up to the Price of any of 'em.

Val. If you ſhew your Money, we may borrow.

Sir Gent. You may borrow, but I never lend; you are acquainted, and have your good Breeding and Behaviour to recommend you to the Ladies.

Sir *Ant.* You ſhew your Wiſdom in your good Husbandry, Sir *Gentle*; you are a Stranger, and muſt be oblig'd to your Pocket for what you muſt expect from 'em.

Sir Gent. And therefore, Sir *Antony*, I will part with my new Acquaintances, my Luidores, to none but the Ladies.

Sir *Ant.* Money does every thing with the Women in *France*, Sir.

Sir Gent. I won't ſpare it upon them, Sir *Antony*: I rely upon you for a Miſtreſs then.

Sir *Ant.* You ſhall ſee her this Evening.

Sir Gent. Bills and Buſineſs, Gentlemen; but now we live together, no Ceremony: Adieu for a moment; and dear Sir *Antony*, yours. [*Exit.*

Val. You are in his favour.

Sir *Ant.* And will be in his Pocket: Leave him to me.

[Abbe, Pilgrim *and* Waitwell *enter.*

Ilf. Our *Abbe* and the *Pilgrim* agen! This Viſit is to you.

Sir *Ant.* He has a mind to make a Convert of me, that's certain; but whether in the Fleſh or the Spirit, is the queſtion.

Val. He's for the outward Man, I warrant him.

Ilf. And his Arguments of this World, whatever the *Pilgrim*'s may be.

Abb. Ah my little Man! you have loſt a mighty Satisfaction; the *Pilgrim* has wrought Wonders upon us all within.

Val. Much above my Expectation, indeed.

Ilf. His Story ſtaggers me, I confeſs; and has cur'd me of an old Diffidence I had of all Religious Pretenders.

Sir *Ant.* Well, he's a Rogue; and you han't found him.

Abb. You are the only Infidel in the Company.

Sir *Ant.* You diſſemble a Belief; 'tis neceſſary to the Church, and you get by the Trade; but none of you remove Mountains, that I hear of.

Abb. Do but hear what he can ſay.

Sir *Ant.* I'll give him both my Ears—— [*Pilgrim advances.*

But not a word here; I muſt have him to my ſelf,
To diſcover the bottom of him. [*To* Waitwell.

Pilg. 'Tis a work of the Spirit indeed; and the Spirit works unſeen of Human Eyes; therefore in private wou'd do very well.

Sir *Ant.* Do as I order you. [*Exit* Waitwell.

Pilg. There is an obſtinacy in Sin, that won't be confuted before Company; Reproof may return into our own Teeth a Rebuke and a Reproach unto our ſelves. For which Reaſon I am aſſured, that a Privacy in Communication, and a Retirement from the eyes of the World (when the Cauſe is Conſcientious) are always neceſſary to a Conviction, and Converſion of the Wicked.

Sir *Ant.* Thoſe Neceſſaries thou ſhalt have at my Lodging; I follow thee, *Pilgrim:* Farewel Gentlemen, if I am convinced in this Point, and live to ſet foot in *England* agen, I ſhall ſatisfie thoſe Heretical Unbelievers, that I have ſeen one Miracle in a Catholick Country. [*Exit after the Pilgrim.*

Ilf. Thus every Man to his own Intereſt tends;
The Pilgrim makes his Converts, We make Friends,
With the ſame Conſcience all, for our own Ends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Waitwell *placing Bottles on the Table.*

Enter Sir Antony *and the* Pilgrim.

Sir Ant. THis is a dry Subject, *Pilgrim*; there's no engaging in't without a Bottle.

Pilg. You'll have your own ways here. [*Walks about.*

Sir Ant. Have you infus'd the Opiate in his Wine?

Wait. I warrant him he ſleeps for't; your's is half Water.

Sir Ant. If I don't find him a Knave, I'll make him a Fool, for troubling me with his Impertinence: But chiefly, for the dear Jeſt of expoſing his Reverence to the Laughter of the Prophane.
Have you done there? [Waitwell *goes out.*
Lock the door, and let no body come near us.
Now *Pilgrim*, we are alone; and ſit you down——— [Pilgrim *ſtands and Croſſes himſelf and Sir* Antony.
Nay, I will have no Bleſſing upon our Endeavours, but a Bumper——— this will baniſh Croſſes: Here's to the falling of the Fleſh, and the riſing of the Spirit. [*Drinks.*

Pilg. 'Tis a myſterious Health, of ſacred ſenſe; ev'n to the pulling down of Satan's Throne. [*Drinks.*

Sir Ant. A little Wine does well to qualifie the Water you drink in your Pilgrimage.

Pilg. Sometimes without offence, Wine may be us'd; tho' our whole Life is but a Pilgrimage——— [*Sir* Antony *fills agen the Glaſſes.*

Sir Ant. That's as you pleaſe to make it. Come Sir, this is the Searcher of Hearts; here's to the opening of ours——— [*Drinks.*

Pilg. Hearts and Eyes, that we may ſee our Errors. This Wine will warm him, ſure. [*Aſide.*

Sir Ant. Confeſſion is a ſtep to Repentance, you ſay.

Pilg. The ready Road———

Sir Ant. Then drink off your Glaſs, *Pilgrim:* How do you like your Wine?

Pilg. 'Tis warm, I promiſe you———

Sir Ant. Able to diſtinguiſh a Saint from a Sinner; and will keep you out of the Mire, better than your wooden Shoes.

Pilg. 'Twill rather leave us there. But to our purpoſe now———

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. Another Glaſs to ſtrengthen my Attention; I ſhall edifie the better by it. [*Fills the Glaſs.*

Pilg. Sure he can't make me drunk. [*Aſide.*

Sir Ant. I expected you wou'd ha' drunk to my Converſion.

Pilg. I ſhou'd ha' began it in Charity, indeed; but I'll make you what Reparation I may, and drink a full Glaſs for my forgetfulneſs. [*Fills himſelf a Bumper.*

Sir Ant. I warrant him my own. [*Aſide.*

Pilg. To your Converſion be it—— [*Drinks.*

Sir Ant. This is the way to't, and the pleaſanteſt Road you can travel in: For let me tell you, the World is bad enough at the beſt; we need not take Pains to make it worſe.

Pilg. Too many do indeed. [*Sir* Antony *drinks.*

Sir Ant. Such fooliſh Apoſtles as thou art then: Why, I begin to deſpair of thee: I took thee for a ſanguine, ſenſual Sinner, a Man of Senſe, and an Hypocrite. But I find thee a peaking Penitent, and an Aſs.

Pilg. You ſit in the Seat of the Scorner.

Sir Ant. Tho' you paſs upon the *Abbe*, and other Fools, I expected you wou'd have open'd your ſelf to me: I profeſs my ſelf, what I thought you were under your Habit, a Rogue: We might have been of uſe to one another. But ſince you are for cheating no body but your ſelf, [*Fills agen.*] I'll make an end of my Bottle and Buſineſs, and leave you to ſay Grace to the next Courteſie I offer you. [*Drinks.*

Pilg. I muſt not loſe this Opportunity.

Sir Ant. Now I begin to believe all the ſilly things you have ſaid of your ſelf; your being weary of, and leaving the World, when you had a good Share of it your own; your parting with the Pleaſures (which you call the Vanities) of it, at a time, when you were in a condition of enjoying 'em, by a ſenſeleſs reſigning up your Birthright.

Pilg. My Service to you. [*Drinks.*

Sir Ant. Of a conſiderable Quality and Fortune to a Younger Brother; who indeed needed no other Expectation for his Wants, than the abundance of your Folly to live upon.

Pilg. You cenſure me too raſhly. [*Riſes.*

Sir Ant. I ſpeak my Thoughts, and am ſo far from imitating you any way, that when an Elder Brother ſtood between me and a good Eſtate, I made bold to remove him.

Pilg. By no violent means.

Sir Ant. Something before his time. I had a Joynture too incumber'd me; but a Phyſician after my own Heart eas'd me, and my good Lady-Grandmother.

Pilg. And dare you own it?

Sir Ant. Not at a Barr of Juſtice.

Pilg. So horrid a Villany!

Sir Ant. Never troubles me: I don't proclaim it but in my Cups, and where I think I'm ſafe to Men of my own Kidney——

Pilg. You confeſs your ſelf a Villain?

Sir Ant. Any kind of Rogue that ſerves my turn; for I am of a Principle, that levels every thing in the way of my Pleaſure or Profit.

Pilg. A Worthy Principle!

Sir Ant. I cheat the Men, and lye with the Women, as many as I can get in my Power.

Pilg. Sir, I honour you; pray ſit down agen. [*They ſit.*

Sir Ant. To hear you preach agen?

Pilg. And are you really this Rogue you pretend to be?

Sir Ant. Are you the Fool you pretend to be?

Pilg. I muſt come nearer you. [*Shews a Casket.*

Sir Ant. How, Jewels!

Pilg. I bring my Welcom with me.

Sir Ant. Enough to ſet up a Saint: The Lady of *Loretto* may keep her Chamber; thou haſt ſpoyl'd her Holy-days, by robbing her Shrine: For thou haſt robb'd hers, or ſome other, that's certain.

Pilg. 'Tis certain I have the Jewels: How I came by 'em, and why I put on this Habit———

Sir Ant. Then you are no Pilgrim?

Pilg. No more than you are a Prieſt. I am as errant a Rogue as you can be; a Shifter of Shapes and Names; have travell'd through every Profeſſion, and cheated in all; ſo having by my Induſtry gathered a handſom Fortune, I converted that into Jewels, and my ſelf into a Pilgrim, for the ſafer conveyance of both into *Spain*, whither I was going till I lit upon you.

Sir Ant. I ſaw you through your Weeds, and had a mind to diſcover you.

Pilg. Well, now you have diſcovered me———

Sir Ant. Why, now I like you.

Pilg. But are you ſure you like me?

Sir Ant. Like you extreamly.

Pilg. If you can like me, you may love me too; for a Woman I know you are.

Sir Ant. Am I diſcover'd too——— [*Aſide.*

Pilg. Nay, I'm reſolv'd to like you in any Sex. [*Squeezing and kiſſing her hand.*
But it is impoſſible ſuch Beauty ſhould be a Man's: [*Approaching nearer ſtill.*
And I will think you a Woman,
Till you convince me to the contrary.

Sir Ant. Have you a Miſtreſs to be convinc'd to the contrary?

Pilg. We were made for one anothers Converſation; here's that ſhall keep it in humour. [*Lays his Hand on the Casket.*

Sir Ant. I have heard of *Mark Antony*'s Pearl Cordial.

Pilg. You ſhall drink nothing elſe but Pearl diſſolv'd: Ha! What's the matter with me? [*Yawns often.*

Sir Ant. Now, now my Doſe begins——— you grow indifferent———

Pilg. My Senſes vaniſh all. [*Riſes, and ſtruggles all he can againſt it; but falls into his Chair aſleep.*

Sir Ant. What fall a-ſleep before me?

Pilg. By and by I'll come agen to you.

Sir Ant. So, he's as ſafe as his Casket in my cuſtody: Governour, you may appear. *Enter*

Enter Waitwell.

Here's an Oriental Preſent from the *Mogul*,
By the hands of his Embaſſador there.

Wait. He looks as he were drunk-dead, or dead-drunk.

Sir Ant. Examine his Pockets, lets ſee what Credentials he has for his Character, tho' you ſee I have treated him like an Embaſſador without 'em.

Wait. Here are Tablets full of *Memorandums*, to avoid ſuch and ſuch places where he has done his Rogueries.

Sir Ant. Very well; theſe, when he awakes, will make good, if he ſhould have the impudence to diſpute my Title to the Theft.

Wait. You won't keep all the Jewels?

Sir Ant. A round Ranſom may redeem 'em; but him I muſt expoſe, Governour; when I ſend for him, bring him in a Chair to the *Abbe*'s.

Wait. Moſt carefully.

Sir Ant. And if Sir *Gentle* enquire for me, as I expect he will, direct him thither. *Wait.* I won't fail.

Sir Ant. I have a Miſtreſs for him. [*Exit.*

[*The Pilgrim carried off.*

SCENE changes to the Street.

Ilford *alone.*

Ilf. Volante is ſo buſie for another, ſhe has nothing to do for her ſelf; ſo cloſely employ'd for *Valentine*, ſhe has no Employment for any Body; or when ſhe has, 'tis partially deſign'd for that Boy-Knight, in prejudice of every Man that may with more reaſon pretend———

Sir Antony *croſſes the Stage.*

Sir *Antony*——Sir *Antony*——a word with you——

Sir Ant. Prithee let me go; I am big with a Jeſt, and ſhall certainly miſcarry with the firſt grave Word you ſay to me.

Ilf. Be deliver'd of your Burthen then, lay it at my door; I'll Father it for a Friend. [*Bringing him back by the Hand.*

Sir Ant. As ſome Men wou'd a Baſtard, for the Reputation of getting it.

Ilf. I have thought better of this Rivalling buſineſs between us; I ſee plainly *Volante* declares for you———

Sir Ant. I think the poor Creature loves me indeed.

Ilf. And 'tis to no purpoſe to proceed———

Sir Ant. None in the World, Sir.

Ilf. In the meaſures I had taken in making my way to her; therefore now I come, like a Friend, to deſire a Favour of you.

Sir Ant. Now you ſay ſomething, *Ilford.*

Ilf. And like a Friend to adviſe you; you're a very pretty Fellow, and have a great many dancing years to trip over, before you come to be ſerious.

Sir Ant. I hope ſo, Sir.

Ilf. You ſhou'd Ramble before you Settle———

Sir Ant. For fear of rambling after———

Ilf. You are too great a Good, among the Women, to think of being particular; a dozen years too gay for the Condition———

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. Too gay for a Lover. *Ilf.* Too gay for a Husband.

Sir Ant. Ay, marry Sir, a Husband! *Ilf.* How Sir?

Sir Ant. I make Love ſometimes, but do not often Marry.

Ilf. What do you follow *Volante* for then?

Sir Ant. Can't you tell for what? For as good a thing you may ſwear, *Ilford*: You gueſs at her Inclinations, poor Rogue; and a Lady ſhall never loſe her Longing upon me; I deſign to Lie with her.

Ilf. Without marrying her?

Sir Ant. Without asking any Conſent but her own; I am not for many words, when I have a mind to be doing.

Ilf. So impudent a thing I never heard!

Enter Volante.

Vol. Quarrelling agen Gentlemen!

Sir Ant. Upon the old Subject.

Ilf. I hate the Employment and Character of an Informer: But you come ſo upon the ſcandalous minute, I muſt tell you what; that young Gentleman----

Vol. Sir *Antony* has no Friend of you, Sir.

Ilf. Nor you of him, Madam; as you will find, when you hear what he ſays of you.

Vol. Pray what's the matter?

Ilf. He has the Impudence not only to deſign it, but ev'n to me his Rival, who love and honour you——

Vol. Your Story, Sir, your Story!

Ilf. He dares notoriouſly tell me to my Face, That he never deſign'd to marry you; but becauſe you were in love with him, poor Creature, he wou'd do you the favour to Lie with you.

Sir Ant Madam, you know he hates me upon your Account; and this is one of the poor Endeavours of his Malice to ruin me: You can't think I wou'd be ſuch a Villain——

Vol. I won't think it, Sir *Antony*.

Sir *Ant.* Such an Ideot, if I cou'd have it in my head, to declare it to my Rival.

Vol. Oh no—— it is not probable.

Ilf. By Heav'n and Earth he ſaid it.

Vol. I wou'd not believe it for Earth and Heav'n, if he did.

Ilf. Nay then 'tis labour loſt.

Vol. If you'll deliver this Letter to *Valentine*, you'll do him more ſervice, [*Gives* Ilford *a Letter.*] than you have me with your News—— I won't leave you behind me, Sir *Antony*.

Sir Ant. I'm going to the Abbe's, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

Ilf. Well! I cou'd almoſt wiſh, he wou'd lie with her, to convince her, tho' ſhe won't believe me, ſhe will him; and that, in time, will be a ſufficient Revenge upon her Folly.

Enter Abbe *and* Valentine *to* Ilford: *Count* Verole, *with Six Bravo's on the other ſide; they ſtare upon each other, and paſs on.* Abbe, Val. *and* Ilford *remain.*

Abb. The Count has his *Gurd du Corps, Valentine.*

Val. Sir

Val. Sir *Antony* has Alarm'd him.

Ilf. He is in a ſtate of War, fit to give Battle already.

Val. What he wants in his Perſon, he has in his Equipage: But they threaten too much, to do any Harm.

Abb. Do you ſecure your Perſon; *Volante* ſhall ſecure your Miſtreſs againſt him, I warrant her.

Ilf. Here's a Letter ſhe gave me for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Abbe's Houſe.*

Pilgrim brought in a Chair: Sir Antony Love *after it.*

Sir Ant. Down with your Burthen; and place him in that Chair. So, this is as proper a Scene to recommend our Farce to the Family, as we can have——

Enter Waitwell.

Wait. Sir *Gentle Golding* is below, and wou'd ſpeak with you.

Sir Ant. One of you bring him up—— [*To the Chairmen, who go out.* Governour, he muſt not know you belong to me.

Wait. I know your Deſign upon him; and I'll be gone to put things in Order to receive him——

Sir Ant. To receive *Valentine:* He ſhall be welcome to me; but to deceive Sir *Gentle.*

Wait. You are as buſie as a Projector; ſome of your Plots muſt miſcarry.

Sir Ant. Ha! he begins to ſtir: How long will the Opiate hold him?

Wait. If he wakes before the Company comes, you loſe your pleaſure of laughing at him.

Sir Ant. But I have a ſudden Thought, may give us a better Diverſion. [*Exit* Waitwell.

Enter Sir Gentle Golding.

Sir Gent. Sir *Antony*, your moſt incomparable humble Servant.

Sir Ant. Sir *Gentle*, I've done your Buſineſs.

Sir Gent. With the Lady you promis'd me?

Sir Ant. With that very Lady; I've ſecur'd an Appointment for you; but being a Woman of Quality——

Sir Gent. There you oblige me for ever.

Sir Ant. Tho' ſomething decay'd, and fall'n in her Fortune—— She muſt be humour'd in little things; ſhe will have her Forms.

Sir Gent. I warrant her; and very fit ſhe ſhou'd. A Perſon of Quality is known by her Forms.

Sir Ant. They laſt but till the Evening, then I'll carry you to wait on her. *Shews the Pilgrim.*] Here's a drunken Pilgrim will afford you Merriment enough to entertain ſome part of the time.

Sir Gent. Dead drunk, as I intend to live ſober.

Sir Ant. Do me the favour to ſtay; and ſecure him, if he ſhou'd wake. I'll but bring the Abbe and his Family to ſhare in abuſing him, and be with you again. [*Exit.*

Sir Gent. Why, what an Unlucky, Hypocritical Rogue is this, to be diſcover'd

ver'd, and to lye at the mercy of Sir *Antony!* If he were but half as Holy, as he pretended, he might 'ſcape by Miracle; but he ſleeps ſo ſound, no Revelation can Wake him.

Pilg. Boy, Draw the Curtain, Sirrah——

[*Turns in his Chair, and makes Signs of waking.*

Sir Gent. Is the Light in your Eyes, Sir? What pains he takes to come to himſelf! Gad, I'll play the Rogue with him——I'll be the Midwife to his Labour——Stay, let me ſee, a ſtiff Straw wou'd do rarely, to probe his Sobriety. If his Brain be touch't, he'll take up the more time in his Cure, and 'tis well if ever he be his own Man again. Now for the Experiment.

[*Tickling his Noſe, the Pilgrim jumps up, and throws Sir* Gentle *along, and in his thoughtfulneſs ſtumbles over him: both amaz'd, raiſe themſelves upon their bottoms, and ſtare at each other.*

Pilg. Ha! Am I alive? Where have I been? Where am I now? How came I here? Who are you? What wou'd you have?

Sir Gent. Have! My ſelf in a Wiſh to *England.* Wou'd I were in my Mothers Belly again.

Pilg. Speak, I conjure you, ſpeak to me.

Sir Gent. He's as heartily frightned, as I can be; I'll pluck up a Spirit, and ſpeak to him.

Pilg. Some ill thing has poſſeſs'd me.

Sir Gent. Yes, poſſeſs'd thou art; by the lewd Spirit of powerful Wine poſſeſs'd. A drunken Devil.

Pilg. A Bottle, and Sir *Antony* I remember, and the Diſcoveries I made him. [*Both riſe.*

Sir Gent. You are diſcovered, and in the Abbe's Houſe——

Pilg. In the Abbe's Houſe!

Sir Gent. Where now your buſineſs is to be laugh'd at, and expos'd; and the whole Family are coming to make your Holineſs a Ridiculous Viſit to that purpoſe.

Pilg. That young Rogue Sir *Antony!* Has he done nothing elſe to me? [*Examining his Pockets.*] Undone, undone! I'm robb'd, and ruin'd: My Jewels gone! my Table-book gone too! That may do me more harm, than the Jewels can do any Body good.

Sir Gent. Have you loſt your Learning? How cou'd you miſs it ſo ſoon? A Table-book?

Pilg. Sir, I am robb'd; and I took you very ſuſpiciouſly about my Pockets; you ſhall anſwer the Robbery.

Sir Gent. Why, do I look like a Pick-pocket? I'd have you to know, I ſcorn your Words: But that Trick ſhan't ſerve your turn——

Pilg. Serve my turn, Sir—— [*Offering to go by him.*

Sir Gent. You muſt not 'ſcape me ſo.

Pilg. Why, Sir, am I your Priſoner? I muſt not be found here. [*Aſide.* I have an Inkhorn may frighten him.

Sir Gent. Look you, Sir, here's the Inſide of my Pockets; I have nothing about me, but Bills of Exchange, and this Purſe of *Elizabeth* Broad Gold: You ſhall ſearch me, if you pleaſe.

Pilg. I

Pilg. I have ſearch'd you, and found you, and muſt go by you too——
[*Preſents an Inkhorn to his Breaſt.*

Sir Gent. O Lord Sir, I don't hinder you——

Pilg. No, no, you had not beſt.

Sir Gent. Pray take it away: I have a natural Averſion to the ſmell of Gun-powder——

Tho' 'twill be difficult to get away, for the Servants are order'd to ſtop you.

Pilg. How! to ſtop me!

Sir Gent. Now he wont offer to go.

Pilg. The Servants ordered to ſtop me, do you ſay?

Sir Gent. If you be the Pilgrim.

Pilg. Then I'll be the Pilgrim no longer—— [*Undreſſes himſelf.*

Sir Gent. What will you be then pray?

Pilg. Ev'n Sir *Gentle Golding*; I will get off in your Perſon, ſince I can't in my own; I muſt change Out-ſides with you——
[*Begins to undreſs Sir* Gent. Gold.

Sir Gent. O Lord Sir, there's no Occaſion for it: I know nothing of a Deſign upon you.

Pilg. That's more than I know.

Sir Gent. Faith and troth now, what I ſaid, was only to play the Rogue with you.

Pilg. And what I do, is to play the Fool with you. You muſt ſtrip Sir.

Sir Gent. O, but this is carrying the Jeſt too far.

Pilg. Look you, you may keep your Worſhip and Wit for your own wearing; but I muſt borrow your Cloaths.

Sir Gent. At any other time, and welcom; I ſhould be pleas'd with the Humour on't; but this is my firſt day of wearing 'em; beſides, there's a Miſtreſs in the Caſe—— [*Dreſſes himſelf in Sir* Gent.*'s Cloaths.*

Pilg. As long as you live, prefer a Friend to a Miſtreſs, Sir *Gentle*; Come Sir, a little of your Aſſiſtance.

Sir Gent. But I am to ſee her this Evening; and one wou'd be well dreſt you know, the firſt time.

Pilg. If you muſt ſee your Miſtreſs, Viſit her in Maſquerade; 'tis a faſhionable way of beginning an Intrigue—— and a Pilgrims Habit—— is as Fantaſtical, as you can contrive—— to give a Lady a Curioſity—— of knowing more of you—— And that I know is your Buſineſs.

Sir Gent. That is my Buſineſs indeed: But if I loſe my time——

Pilg. Don't make a noiſe, nor follow me; If you wou'd ſee her, or little *England* again, know your Friends, and give thanks Sir—— [*Exit.*

Sir Gent. What a paſs have I bought my ſelf to, by my own Policy! Why muſt I needs lye my ſelf out of my Cloaths?
If I had held my Tongue, or ſpoke but the Truth,
He wou'd ha' gone about his Buſineſs, without interrupting mine.
Now here I muſt ſtay, to be expos'd in his Room;
But in a fooliſher Figure, than ever the Pilgrim made:
He was only diſguis'd: But I am ſtript.

He was drunk indeed; wou'd I were dead Drunk,
To cover my Shame, any way; wou'd I had any Diſguiſe.
I Gad I'll put on the Pilgrim's——— It can't be worſe with me———
Beſides, the reſpect that is paid to this Cloathing, will at leaſt
Carry me ſafe to my Lodging. [*Exit.*

SCENE Changes to the Street.

Pilgrim in Sir Gentle's *Cloaths, with* Monſieur Traffique.

Traff. Sir, I have accepted theſe Bills already.

Pilg. I know you have: But my Occaſions falling out more Extraordinary than I expected, I am forc'd to preſs you for this Bill of 100 Piſtols, before the Day.

Traff. I have ſo often ſuffer'd, for thoſe Complemental Payments, that I have reſolv'd againſt 'em: But my Correſpondent gives me an account of Sir *Gentle Golding*; you ſhall have what Credit you pleaſe with me.

Pilg. A hundred Piſtols I have preſent uſe for.

Traff. If my Caſhier were at home, you ſhou'd have 'em along with you; but in the Morning, as ſoon as you pleaſe———

Pilg. I'll ſend my Servant to you——— pray Sir, what news have you in the City?

Traff. The neweſt Sir, is of a Pilgrim, that is ſuſpected of ſomething; I am Imperfect in the Particulars; but there are Warrants out to apprehend him, that I know.

Pilg. There's no believing Out-ſides; Sir, your Servant. [*Exit* Pilg.

Traff. So I think too; And therefore I will be better Inform'd, whether you are Sir *Gentle Golding* or no, before I leave you. [*Exit.*

Pilgrim enters at another Door.

Pilg. The hundred Piſtols, if I had receiv'd 'em, had carry'd me off cleverly, and for ſome time, ſupported my Deſigns, in another place, till an Opportunity had favour'd me in making a handſome Compoſition with Sir *Antony* about my Jewels——— However, I make a pretty good Figure ſtill; Here's a good Suit of Cloaths to begin the World with again——

[*Strutting and looking on his Cloaths.*

Enter Courtaut, *the Taylor's Man.*

Court. Bleſs your Worſhip, Sir *Gentle*, long may you live to wear 'em; How do your Cloaths fit you, Sir?

Pilg. Very well Friend, very well.

Court. Have you forgot me, Maſter?

Pilg. No, no, I han't forgot thee; for I never ſaw thee before.

Court. I am poor *Courtaut*, your Taylor's Finiſher; I brought your Honour's Cloaths home to you this Morning———

Pilg. Did you ſo, did you ſo?

Court. By the ſame token, you ſaid, you wou'd give me ſomething to drink you health; but you were pleas'd to forget it.

Pilg. I remember I gave thee nothing indeed; but the next time——

Court. Aye, an't like your Honour, I am contented to ſtay, if my Maſter wou'd: But he has beaten me black and blew for leaving the Cloaths behind me, without Money.

Pilg.

Pilg. Gad forgive me; that I ſhou'd forget that too! But come to my Lodging an Hour hence———

Court. Pleaſe you, I'll wait upon you now to your Lodging——

Pilg. How ſhall I ſhake him off? [*Aſide.*

Court. For I dare not go home without the Money, or ſome part on't?

Pilg. Here, take this Purſe, 'tis more than the Debt, but take the reſt for thy ſelf, now I remember thee———

Enter Traffique *with a Servant of Sir* Gentle's.

The *Elizabeth* broad Gold has deliver'd me.

Serv. Yes, Maſter *Monſieur*, that is my Maſter, Sir *Gentle Golding.* You ſhall ſee me ſpeak to him—— [*Goes to the Pilgrim.*

Traff. Young Man, a word with you. [*To* Courtaut.

Pilg. More Debts to pay! I ſhall fall like an Executor without Aſſets.

Serv. Sir, I have been about your Buſineſs, with the Meſſenger, as you order'd me———

Pilg. This is one of my Engliſh Servants it ſeems; I'll anſwer him in *French* to get rid of him.

Serv. If you were at leiſure——

Pilg. Que Demandez vous? que dites vous Laquais? Entendez vous le Francois, grand Coquen?

Serv. How's this? I durſt ha' ſworn it had been my Maſter; but I am ſure he has no more Languages than Tongues, and that his Mother gave him: Beſides he's too good an Engliſhman, to learn any thing in another Country.

Pilg. Je ne vous en tens pas, je ne parle pas Anglois.

Serv. It ſeems I was miſtaken, Sir, this is ſome out-landiſh man; he can't ſpeak Engliſh.

Traff. How, not ſpeak Engliſh!

Court. I'm ſure he paid me for the Suit upon his back, but juſt now, in very good Engliſh———

Traff. And wou'd have borrow'd a hundred Piſtols of me, in as Civil Engliſh———

Pilg. I can ſpeak Engliſh Gentlemen, I ſpoke French, only to try, if that Fellow had learn't any thing, ſince he came into the Country.

Serv. I'll have a tryal with you. This is ſome Rogue that has murder'd my Maſter———

Court. And ſtole his Cloaths——

Traff. And robb'd him of his Bills of Exchange. [*Exeunt after the Pilgrim.*

Serv. Murder, Murder; Roguery, Thievery, ſtop him.

Enter Sir Antony, Valentine, Ilford, *and* Abbe.

Ilf. Nay the Pilgrim was in the right, in getting off before your Evidence came upon him.

Abb. I never heard of ſo Extraordinary a Rogue, as he confeſſes himſelf to be in theſe Tablets.

Val. But that our gentle Knight, ſhou'd neither hinder him from going, nor be forth-coming himſelf, makes me believe ſome Ridiculous Accident has light upon him.

Sir Ant. Let it be but Ridiculous enough, and I may forgive him.

Abb. The Ports are ſhut, and for the Pilgrim, if he be in the City, we ſhall have him again.

Enter Sir Gentle *in the Pilgrim's Habit.*

Ilf. What's that ſneaks by us ſo?

Val. Our very, very Saint. [*Gathering about him.*

Sir Ant. Good morrow Pilgrim!

Abb. Won't you know your Friends?

Ilf. We were too late for your Levy. But men of your Auſterity and Life never indulge the Fleſh, by ſleeping long; you are an early Stirrer.

Abb. Pray look up: You can do nothing ſure to caſt you down.

Omnes. Sir *Gentle Golding!*

Sir Gent. Ev'n the very ſame.

Val. What do you in this Habit?

Sir Gent. 'Tis whimſical and odd; I had a mind to try if you cou'd know me in this Diſguiſe.

Sir Ant. O yes, we know you in any Diſguiſe.

Abb. But there's a Warrant out againſt the Pilgrim; you'll be taken up for him.

Sir Gent. Why? you don't take me for the Pilgrim.

Ilf. But the Government will.

Sir Gent. The Government then, will take me for as very Raſcal as lives unhang'd in it.

Val. But what's become of him?

Sir Ant. You were laſt with him——

Val. You have convey'd him away.

Ilf. Or murder'd him——

Abb. You muſt anſwer for him, for you have his Cloaths.

Sir Gent. Nay if it be ſo, I'll tell you how I came by 'em——

Ilf. The whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.

Sir Gent. I'll ſee him hang'd, before I tell a lye for a Rogue, that has us'd me ſo ſcurvily——

Sir Ant. How ſcurvily, dear Knight?

Sir Gent. Why, when you left me you know, alone with him, he took his time, when my Back was turn'd, and clapt a Piſtol to my Breaſt——

Abb. Bleſs the Mark! a Piſtol!

Val. A Piſtol, Sir *Gentle!*

Sir Gent. A double Barrel'd Piſtol.

Sir Ant. A brace of Bullets in each, I warrant you.

Sir Gent. I warrant you there were: for he ſwore he wou'd ſhoot me thro' the Head——

Ilf. The Piſtol was at your Breaſt, Sir *Gentle.*

Sir Gent. Breaſt, did I ſay—— Did I ſay, at my Breaſt Gentlemen? But Breaſt or Head Sir—— He ſwore he wou'd murder me, if I did not give him my Cloaths, to make his eſcape in.

Val. And ſo, you gave him your Cloaths?

Sir Gent. No I thank you; that were to make my ſelf Acceſſory; I put him to the trouble of taking 'em.

Abb. And

Abb. And very wiſely done, Sir.

Sir Ant. So he ſtript you?

Sir Gent. To my very Shirt, I'll make Oath on't, before a Magiſtrate.

Ilf. You put on his Cloaths then, as one may ſay, in your own defence?

Sir Gent. You may ſay ſo indeed.

Abb. Stick there Sir, *Se defendendo* will bring you off.

Sir Gent. I muſt ha' gone home Naked elſe.

Sir Ant. And cou'd you have paſs'd ſullenly by us, and conceal'd ſuch an occaſion of Laughing at you?

Sir Gent. Prithee Sir *Antony*, no more on't.

Officers bring in the Pilgrim.

Monſieur Traffique, Courtaut, *and Sir* Golding's *Servant.*

Serv. Bring him along: Bring him along——

Val. What Rabble have we here?

Serv. We are enow to hang one Rogue, or we deſerve to beat Hemp for one another.

Abb. Where are you haleing the Gentleman?

Pilg. Sir *Antony*, I am in your Power; ſtand but my Friend in this Buſineſs, and bring me off, you ſhall make your own Conditions about the Jewels—— [*He and Sir* Antony *Confer.*

Serv. I'll ſwear point-blank my Maſter's Murder upon him.

Abb. Who is your Maſter, Friend?

Serv. Sir *Gentle Golding*, and like you; and I am his Man.

Sir Gent. Aye, 'tis my Man indeed, wou'd I were his Maſter again.

Serv. You my Maſter, you Raſcal! my Maſter's a Knight——

Sir Ant. Now *Abbe*, I am even with you and your Pilgrim: But ſince I have brought him ſo far into his Buſineſs, 'tis matter of Conſcience to bring him out agen. I was provided for his Impertinence; and ſince I cou'd not make him drunk, I gave him an Opiate to expoſe him as if he were; for that purpoſe I remov'd him to your Houſe: But coming to himſelf before I expected, he ſcap'd that Deſign——

Pilg. And finding the Diſgrace ready to fall on me, and in your Houſe, I made bold to change Cloaths with Sir *Gentle Golding*——

Sir Gent. 'Tis true indeed, Gentlemen.

Pilg. But ſince Matters are brought to a clearing, I am ready to return 'em to the Gentleman.

Sir Ant. As you had 'em, I hope?

Pilg. Every thing but his Purſe; which I was forc'd to give his Taylor there to get rid of him. *Abb.* Return the Purſe.

Traf. I'll ſee your Maſter paid. [*To* Courtaut.

The hundred Piſtols are ready, Sir. [*To the Pilgrim.*

Pilg. For Sir *Gentle Golding*, I only haſten'd you.

Sir Gent. Why, how did you know I wanted ſuch a Sum?

Traf. It ſhall be pay'd to you, or your order.

Sir Gent. Pray pay it to no body elſe. [*Exeunt* Traffique *and* Courtaut.

Abb. You've done your Duty, Gentlemen; 'tis very well. Pilgrim, a word with you—— [*Takes him aſide.*

Val. How

Val. How this fooling has run away with the time! [*Looks on's Watch.*

Sir Ant. I'll be for you immediately. [*Takes Sir* Gentle *aside.*

Val. Within a quarter of Ten already!

Ilf. I ſhou'd ha' been glad to ha' made one, *Valentine.*

Val. I thank you; but Numbers may diſcover us, and Sir *Antony* won't be out of the buſineſs.

Abb. Do me but this piece of Service, and I won't only pardon you, but reward you well when you ha' don't. Beſides, 'tis a kind of Revenge upon Sir *Antony.*

Pilg. I am at your Mercy, and you ſhall command me any thing.

Ilf. Sir *Gentle* ſays, you drew a Piſtol upon him.

Val. That was not according to the Law of Arms.

Pilg. I can't tell how his Fear repreſented it, but it was an Inkhorn that diſarm'd him.

Sir Ant. You won't fail, when I ſend for you?

Sir Gent. I'll but change Cloaths with that Gentleman, and be ready as ſoon as you pleaſe. [*Exeunt Sir* Gentle, Pilgrim, *and Servant.*

Sir Ant. Now *Valentine* have with you——

Abb. 'Tis near upon your appointment with my Niece: I'll ſecure her Father within, the better to favour her running away from him.

Ilf. I wiſh you well, Gentlemen. [*They go out ſeveral ways,* Ilford [*and the* Abbe; *but Sir* Ant. *and* Valent. *together.*

SCENE changes to the Back-ſide of a Great Houſe with Gardens.

Count Verole, *with ſix* Bravo's.

Ver. To morrow; let but once to morrow come,
And ſhe is mine; Marry'd, and wholly mine:
If then not wholly mine, 'twill be my Fault.
Gentlemen, we muſt be every where to Night:
This Engliſh-man, that dares to Rival me,
May attempt farther; if he ſhou'd, I think
Floriante but too inclin'd to pardon him.
But we'll prevent the worſt. *(Whiſtle.)* [Valentine *and Sir* Antony *make the Signal at the Garden-door, which opens upon it.* Floriante *retires*
Stand and obſerve their Motions.
Nay, then 'tis he; be ſure you
Murder him.
[*upon the Noiſe of Swords, crying Murder.*

Count Canaile, *with Sword in Hand, runs to aſſiſt* Valentine *and Sir* Antony *againſt the Bravo's.*

Can. Villains and Murderers, I hope you are not hurt.

Val. Thank your Aſſiſtance, Sir.

Sir Ant. If I am not a Man in this point, I'll never wear Breeches more.

Val. I know 'twas Count *Verole.*

Can. He has not rais'd himſelf in my Eſteem by this baſe Action——

Enter Floriante.

What do you out of doors?

Flor. I cou'd not ſtay within, knowing your Danger.

Can. 'Tis over, now retire. *Flor.* Pray

Flor. Pray pardon me; if I have done any undecent thing, my Duty caus'd it in my Fears for you. [*Exit.*

Val. I'm ſorry I have allarm'd your Family.

Sir Ant. I dare ſwear for him he is

Can. So far 'tis well, Sir: If you think your ſelf oblig'd for what is paſt, ſhew it in what's to come; forbear my Houſe, my Daughter is diſpos'd of: So good-night. [*Exit.*

Sir Ant. Very good Advice, *Valentine:* Since you can't make it a good Night with his Daughter, make it as good as you can with ſome body elſe.

Val. Why Faith, the Expectation of her has rais'd me into a deſire of any thing in Petticoats.

Sir Ant. What think you of my *Engliſh* Lady?

Val. You owe me a Favour there, Sir *Antony.*

Sir Ant. To Night I'll pay it then; I have an Appointment upon me now; but not being in ſo perfect a Condition to oblige her, you ſhall make an End of my Quarrel.

Val. With all my Heart.

Sir Ant. I'll ſend my Governor to conduct you.

Val. He, like other wiſe men, makes no ſcruple of Pimping, when he gets by the Employment.

Sir Ant. Then you are not one of thoſe fine Gentlemen, who becauſe they are in love with one Woman, can lie with no body elſe?

Val. Not I, Faith Knight; I may be a Lover, but I muſt be a Man.

Sir Ant. When the dear days of Rambling Joys are o're,
When Nature grudges to ſupply your Whore,
There's Love enough for Marriage left in ſtore. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Waitwell *diſguis'd, with Sir* Gentle Golding.

Wait. SIR *Antony* not being able to wait upon you in Perſon, as deſign'd, has deſir'd me his Friend——

Sir Gent. Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

Wait. To ſhew you the way.

Sir Gent. I'll ſhew my good Breeding, and follow you.

Wait. The Lady is at preſent in private; when ſhe has diſpatch'd her own Buſineſs, ſhe'll be ready for yours.

Sir Gent. Then ſhe's a Woman of Buſineſs.

Wait. And of Diſpatch too, Sir: If you love Pictures, there's a Gallery will take up your Thoughts till the Lady's at leiſure to employ 'em better. I'll let her know you're here. [*Exit.*

Sir Gent. How Ceremony diſguiſes any thing! I can't take this civil Gentleman for a Pimp, tho' I have Occaſion for him; nor this Houſe for a Bawdy-houſe, tho' I have a mind to make it one. Wou'd Sir *Antony* were here, to encou-

encourage me with his Impudence: When I have Company to halloo me, I can faſten like a Bull-Dog. But I have a villanous Suſpicion, that when I ſee this Lady, I ſhall take her for a civil Gentlewoman; a buſe her, away, ſhe does not deſerve; think too well of her, and looſe my labour. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to a Bed-Chamber. [*A Song.*

Valentine *following Sir* Antony Love *in her Woman's Cloaths.*

Val. Faith Madam, your Entertainment will keep you in Countenance; you may own the making of it.

Sir Ant. You'll truſt your Stomach with a cover'd Diſh another time, Sir?

Val. You may ſhew your Face after it, and expect the Thanks of the Company.

Sir Ant. And diſgrace the Reputation I have got with you in other things.

Val. Nay, if you think ſo, I wou'd not have you ſhew it for the World.

Sir Ant. That were to ruin the Complement you intend me.

Val. But after all, if your Face ſhou'd be as delicate as your other Charms---

Sir Ant. But if it ſhou'd not be as delicate——

Val. Then keep it to your ſelf; but 'tis pity 'tis not: but be it what it is, I will pay ſome part of my Thanks in adviſing you.

Sir Ant. You wou'd ſay Grace and be gone, my ſerious Sinner, wou'd you?

Val. Only to make ſure of coming agen Child, that's all.

Sir Ant. Some of that all, I beſeech you——

Val. My Doctrine will turn to thy uſe, Child, and lead me often to thee, if thou haſt but the Grace to make the right Application.

Sir Ant. Good Holder-forth, bate your damn'd Faces, and begin.

Val. Why then, in the firſt place, about our Friend Sir *Antony*; He's a very pretty Fellow I grant you, but he's a Boy, a giddy pated Boy——

Sir Ant. A little too young indeed to be truſted——

Val. In an Affair of this nature, by any Woman that has a Reputation to ſecure with her Pleaſure.

Sir Ant. I have been afraid of his talking indeed a great while.

Val. You muſt expect it, Madam; he has not Experience enough to value you: All Women are alike to the young Fellows; as indeed all Fellows are alike to the young Women; neither Sex chuſes well, till they come to an Age of Diſcretion.

Sir Ant. There I am with you indeed.

Val. There is a maturity requir'd in Love, as in other Fruits, to recommend the true reliſh of it, to the diſtinguiſhing Palate of an Epicure. I am ſomething a better Judge of that pleaſure, than he can be: And I think fitter, a great deal, for an Intrigue with your Ladyſhip, both in diſcretion and performance——

Sir Ant. Then Sir *Antony* can be. [*Shews her Face.*

Val. Sir *Antony* in Petticoats.

Sir Ant. But are not you a Rogue, *Valentine?* Not to receive a Courteſie from a Lady by the favour of your Friend, but you muſt abuſe your Truſt, and ſupplant the very Intereſt that rais'd you to her?

Val. I am confounded indeed! But are you Sir *Antony Love?*

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. All but my Petticoats.

Val. And are you ſure you're a Woman?

Sir Ant. Are not you ſure of that, Sir?

Val. I am; and charm'd with the certainty—— [*Kiſſes her.*

Now every pleaſure paſt, comes o're my thoughts:
How many opportunities have I loſt,
That you have giv'n me, and muſt anſwer for!

Sir Ant. There are as many to come; you ſhall command 'em all.

Val. Now I remember; you father'd a Baſtard for me, at *Paris*——

Sir Ant. I had the reputation of it indeed; and ſhou'd have had the Cow with the Calf; for her Father purſu'd me to marry her, thro' all means of Accommodation, into the ſtrait at laſt of confeſſing my Sex to the *Engliſh* Embaſſador——

Val. This you never told me before.

Sir Ant. He had her puniſh'd, and ſecur'd me in his Family, as long as I ſtaid there; for you know, he was a Man of Honour——

Val. And a Man of Gallantry too, Madam, that knew which way to improve ſuch a piece of good Fortune——

Sir Ant. As well as any body; and ſo he did *Valentine:* By his generoſity and good uſage, he preſs'd me ſo very far, that not being able to anſwer the Obligations I had to him, (having you in my head at that very time) I was forc'd to run away from him, to get rid of him.

Val. How could you keep this from me ſo long?

Sir Ant. Now 'tis more welcome to you?

Val. Had I known it before, it had been in my power——

Sir Ant. Not to marry me, I hope, *Valentine!* But if you cou'd be in that mind (which I neither deſire, nor deſerve) I know you too well, to think of ſecuring you that way.

Val. But I wou'd not have engag'd my ſelf, any where elſe——

Sir Ant. I know your engagements to *Floriante*; and you ſhall marry her. That will diſengage you, I warrant you.

Val. You continue your Opinion of Marriage.

Sir Ant. *Floriante*, I grant you, wou'd be a dangerous Rival in a Miſtreſs—

Val. Nothing can Rival thee.

Sir Ant. And you might linger out, a long liking of her, to my uneaſineſs, and your own; but Matrimony, that's her ſecurity, is mine: I can't apprehend her in a Wife.

Enter Waitwell.

Sir Ant. Well Governour, what think you of my Management?

Wait. Why, if you take but half the pains in your Profit, that you have ſpent in your Pleaſure, I think we may expect a very good account of the Knight——

Val. Sir *Gentle Golding!* he's in your Debt indeed: I had not leiſure to remember him.

Sir Ant. We'll laugh at him at leaſure.

Wait. He's in the Gallery, expecting your pleaſure.

Sir Ant. My pleaſure is to ſee him, bring him in. [*Exit* Waitwell.

I promis'd him a Miſtreſs, you muſt know: 'Twill be fooliſh enough to obſerve him, when he diſcovers me; pray ſtay, and laugh with me.

Val. The Interview muſt needs be ridiculous. [*Goes to the Door.*

Sir Gentle Golding *introduc'd by* Waitwell: *He is ſurpriz'd at the ſight of Sir* Antony.

Wait. My Office ends, where the Lady begins; I'll leave you to her.

Sir Gent. Pray, Sir, a word with you———

Wait. The fewer the better, till you have ſaluted her: You ſee ſhe expects it.

Sir Gent. I ſhou'd have ſaluted her indeed: but the ſurprize of your Beauty, Madam, made me forget my Complement.

Sir Ant. My Face has ſurpriz'd him, I believe.

Sir Gent. Pray, did I never ſee this Gentlewoman before?

Wait. You beſt can tell that, Sir; but you are concern'd at ſomething.

Sir Gent. A little concern'd, I am indeed, but 'tis only to know, whether I know her, or no.

Wait. In your Tour of *France*, you may have ſeen her; ſhe's of the Country.

Sir Gent. A *French* Woman. *Wait.* Of *Languedock.*

Sir Gent. I durſt ha' ſworn ſhe was an *Engliſh* Woman!

Wait. Born and bred among us.

Sir Gent. I'm glad on't, with all my heart. For I knew a little Woman, but a great Divel, ſo like her in *England*———

Wait. Very like, Sir.

Sir Gent. That faith and troth, I was down-right confounded at the ſight of her.

Wait. Some Miſtreſs, that you have forſaken———

Sir Gent. O fie, Sir. I never do thoſe things———

Wait. I warrant you, and the guilt of her ill uſage haunts you up and down, in her ſhape.

Sir Gent. Nay, I deſerve it indeed; if it ſhou'd be ſo; for I was too barbarous to the poor Devil, conſidering I was the firſt that undid her.

[*Sir* Antony *making a Courtſie, points Sir* Gentle *to a Chair.*

Wait. See, Sir, the Lady wou'd have you ſit down by her; I never ſaw her make ſuch Advances before; you are very much in favour.

Sir Gent. Soft and fair. I muſt be more in your favour, before I have done with you.

Wait. She does not ſpeak *Engliſh.* But there's an univerſal Character in Love, which every Creature can comprehend; when ſhe has you alone, ſhe'll grope out your meaning, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Sir Gent. So, ſince we have nothing to ſay to one another, we ſhall loſe no time in Complements; I like her exceedingly: tho' I never look upon her, but *Lucia* comes in my thoughts; ſhe's ſo very like that jilting Jade, I ſhall never love her heartily: A week will be the fartheſt, I ſhall be conſtant to her. What ſign ſhall I make, to put her in mind of her Bed-chamber? Money ſpeaks all Languages, this Purſe will be my Interpreter.

Voulez vous, Do me the grand Favour———

Sir Ant. But how ſhall we do to underſtand one another? You ſpeak no *French*,

French, and I ſpeak no *Engliſh*; 'Tis impoſſible to underſtand one another.

Sir Gent. Madam; you do ſpeak *Engliſh*———

Sir Ant. I underſtand it a little; enough to know I reſemble one. What did you call her, *Lucia*, aye, *Lucia*, a jilting Jade; you don't like that, for that reaſon you can't love me heartily; nor be conſtant above a Week: I underſtand ſo much, without ſpeaking *Engliſh*; as you find to be underſtood.

Sir Gent. I find I do underſtand you.

Sir Ant. But I'll try to ſpeak plainer to you.

Sir Gent. Nay, you ſpeak plain enough, Mrs. *Lucy*. Wou'd I were any where, to be rid of you.

Sir Ant. You ſee, we were not to part ſo. Fortune will have me oblig'd to you: I have almoſt ſpent the 500 *l.* I borrow'd of you.

Sir Gent. I'm glad I had it for you, Madam.

Sir Ant. And faith, 'tis very kind, in an old Acquaintance, to follow me into *France*, to ſupply me agen: I know you came a purpoſe———

Sir Gent. Not quite a purpoſe.——

Sir Ant. No, not quite a purpoſe, ſome little Buſineſs by the by of your own, you might have, I grant you: But this Purſe you never deſign'd for me.

Sir Gent. I'll force nothing upon you Madam; you may give it me agen, if you don't like it.

Sir Ant. Yes, yes; the Purſe is an amiable Purſe, and very well to be lik'd; only the Sum does not amount to my Occaſions: There's no retreating, Sir *Gentle*, you are in my Power, and without a Ranſom, muſt continue my Priſoner; you know I never want a Piſtol upon theſe occaſions; 'tis not the firſt time I have robb'd you.

Sir Gent. Any Compoſition; but don't murder me; you know I hate a Piſtol.

Sir Ant. What have you in your Pockets? Nothing but Papers?

Sir Gent. You have got already, all the Mony I had about me.

Sir Ant. About you! with a pox to you: muſt I be ſo anſwer'd? And why had not you more about you? Stay, here's a Bill of 100 Piſtols, at preſent, ſhall excuſe you———

Sir Gent. 'Tis very well it does.

Sir Ant. Payable to you, or your Order? What's there?

Enter Waitwell.

Run, and receive this Bill for the Gentleman.

Wait. He ſhou'd Indorſe it firſt.

Sir Ant. Come, Sir, you muſt lend me your Order.

Sir Gent. No borrowing among Friends; I'll give it you, to Monſieur *Traffique*. [*Writes, and gives* Sir Ant. *the Bill, and* Sir Ant. *gives it to* Waitwell, *who goes out.*

Sir Ant. Why, that's well ſaid.

Sir Gent. You live as it were by your Wits; 'tis better I ſhould looſe a little Money, then you ſhould forget your Trade, for want of employment.

Sir Ant. A great deal better, Sir *Gentle!* But I muſt lock you up till the Money be paid.

Sir Gent. Aye, aye, with all my heart; but he won't ſcruple the payment.

Sir Ant. The next time I do you this favour, take care to be better pro-

vided; don't let me loſe my labour upon you, I ſpeak as a Friend to you.

Sir Gent. I'll take your Advice.

Sir Ant. If I were not juſt upon my leaving the Town, and in a very great haſte, I can tell you, you ſhould not get off ſo eaſily.

Sir Gent. I am beholding to you: But I am ſorry we looſe you ſo ſoon.

Sir Ant. You may find me again, if Chriſtendom ſtands were it does a Twelve-month to an end; let not that trouble you. [*Exit after* Sir Gentle.

Valentine *comes forth.*

Val. Thus all things are provided for by Fate:
The witty Man enjoys the Fool's Eſtate.
So Rich and Poor, let 'em compute their Gains;
One has his lot in Lands, and one in Brains.
And 'tis but Juſtice Fortune ſhou'd do more
For him, who being born ſo, wou'd be poor. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Count Canaile *and* Abbe.

Can. I allow all you ſay: And laſt Night's Action has not declin'd the Count from my Eſteem, more than it raiſes *Valentine.*

Abbe. He'll keep your Daughter more orderly then a Nunnery can: ev'n let him marry her.

Can. You know, I'm out of my own Power and Choice.

Abbe. Hang your Choice; you may be aſham'd on't.

Can. Indeed I do repent it; but my word and reputation are engag'd to him.

Abbe. Is that a man to make a Grandfather?

Can. No other ſhall, by *Floriante*, make me one: And therefore ſhe ſhall be Religious, and take the Habit in her Siſter's room——

Abbe. What, make a Nun of her, againſt her Will!

Can. To cut off all Pretenders; but to prove how I regard your Friend, *Charlot* you know, inferiour in nothing but her Years, if *Valantine* likes her, ſhe has my leave, and ſhall receive his Viſits at the Grate: Let him but conquer her, he has gain'd me.

Abbe. Let him get *Floriante*, and he conquers thee.

Palmer *enters in another Diſguiſe.*

Ah my little *Palmer!* You lye as cloſe as a man in a Proclamation; but you are a Pilgrim of Honour, I find——

Palm. Where I am engag'd, Sir——

Abbe. Sir *Antony* can never diſcover thee. [*Turns him about.*

Palm. I warrant I do your buſineſs——

Abbe. And your own buſineſs——

Palm. My own buſineſs to be ſure, and Sir *Antony's* too, or I ſhall looſe my Labour.

Abbe. About it, about it inſtantly, and proſper, my little *Palmer.*

[*Exit* Palmer.

Enter Valentine *with Sir* Antony *and Sir* Gentle.

Abb. Valentine! I have ſome News for you: *Walks off with him.*

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. But you amaze me, Sir *Gentle*——

Sir Gent. It wou'd amaze one indeed, Sir *Antony.*

Sir Ant. 'Tis the oddeſt piece of Roguery and Impudence that I have heard of.

Sir Gent. Aye, ſo 'tis, 'tis pretty odd, and impudent indeed.

Sir Ant. A cheating Gypſie; I warrant ſhe has had her eye upon you, from your firſt coming to Town.

Sir Gent. Nay, not unlikely.

Sir Ant. I began to ſuſpect her my ſelf, ſhe preſt me ſo often to bring you.

Sir Gent. Ah; if I had known that, Sir *Antony!*

Sir Ant. Why, what if you had?

Sir Gent. Why, I wou'd ha' ſtaid away; but if you had been with me, it had been the better for me.

Sir Ant. Much at one for that, I believe. But is ſhe gone out of Town, do you ſay? You ſhou'd have apprehended her——

Sir Gent. Pugh, pugh—— ſhe's gone from her Lodging, ſhe muſt not ſtay long in a place.

Sir Ant. 'Tis very well ſhe's gone——

Sir Gent. Aye, ſo it is: and I hope I ſhall never ſee her agen. [*Exit.*

Sir Ant. I dare ſwear for him, he ſpeaks his heart.

Enter Palmer *to him.*

Well Sir—— your buſineſs with me? If it be grave or wiſe, keep it for your own uſe; I never approve diſcretion in any man, but a Pimp.

Palm. Sir, you may ſay what you pleaſe, or call me what you pleaſe——

Sir Ant. Nay Sir, I honour you, if you are one.

Palm. Then I am one, and one employ'd to you.

Sir Ant. Begin your Employment, that I may go about mine.

Palm. Why then, Sir, in few words; there's a Lady dying for you——

Sir Ant. I never viſit the Sick, let her die in peace: But don't let a Prieſt come near her; he'll ask her bawdy Queſtions, when ſhe has a mind to be ſerious.

Palm. She's only dying for you, Sir.

Sir Ant. Were ſhe living for me, I cou'd ſay ſomething to her; if ſhe make a Will, as far as the Legacy goes, I may remember her.

Palm. Your Mirth becomes you, Sir; but the Lady's in very good health, and, in ſhort, only dying in love with you.

Sir Ant. Short and ſweet. *Palm.* And has a mind——

Sir Ant. I know her mind; and what ſhe has a mind to.

Palm. You know the World enough, Sir; to excuſe a Lady in Love——

Sir Ant. And abſolve her too. *Palm.* Tho' ſhe ſhou'd have a Husband——

Sir Ant. For making him a Cuckold——

Palm. Not to make a practice of it.

Sir Ant. The oftner the better.

Palm. Nay indeed; there's a great deal to be ſaid for the poor Women; How can they help or avoid their Inclinations?
Men are too blame, who like young Conjurers, prove
(Safe in the Circle of a Wedding-Ring)

The

The Magick Spell of Wedlock upon Love:
So, Cuckolds make themſelves by marrying.

Sir Ant. Very Caſuiſtically brought about, Sir. And I am ſo much of your Opinion, that I think the Lady cannot do her ſelf a better juſtice, nor me a greater favour, than allow me to wait upon her on ſuch an occaſion.

Palm. That ſhe does in this Billet: And if you think it worth your while to viſit her—— will do you richer, and greater favours.

Sir Ant. I am at preſent engag'd—— But in the Evening———

Palm. The Evening wou'd do well: I am bad to ſay, her Husband's out of Town, the reſt, her Note will beſt inform you in. [*Going.*

Sir Ant. Then this ſhall be my Guide.

Palm. I may cheat you out of your Cunning, before I ha' done with you. [*Exit.*

Sir Ant. Why, what the Devil am I engaging in agen! I ſhall draw all the Women in Town upon me, at this rate: Maids, Wives, and Widows, have one Curioſity or another always to be ſatisfi'd. I have a Reputation among 'em; and if I don't keep it up, by anſwering their Expectations—— I ſhall fail of mine, in my Frollicks, and be diſcover'd; and that I have no mind to be yet a while! But how the Devil ſhall I anſwer their Expectations—— Or this Lady's in particular, who has beſpoke me for her Evening Service? If I go, I ſhall diſappoint her more than if I ſtay away; and I know, good Soul, ſhe wou'd be as much concern'd for me, to find me no Man, as at another time ſhe wou'd be for her ſelf, to be found no Maid, if ſhe had a mind to be thought one. O here comes *Valentine!*

Enter Valentine.

Val. I wou'd as ſoon be a Lawyer as a Lover at this rate. Following a Miſtreſs to no purpoſe, is as bad as trudging a Foot to *Weſtminſter* for no Fee. Can you corrupt a Nunnery for me, my little Knight!

Sir Ant. I will do any thing for you—— but firſt you muſt lend me your Limbs, to carry on a Deſign———

Val. Do what you pleaſe with me. [*Exeunt.*

Palmer *Re-enter with the* Abbe.

Abb. Thou art a moſt incomparable Fellow, *Palmer*; the Prince of Pimps and Pilgrims! But what! Sir *Antony* is a young ſmoaky Rogue I warrant you, he ſuſpected ſomething——

Palm. Not a bit of ſuſpicion.

Abb. He might ſcruple it at firſt, you know.

Palm. Firſt nor laſt, he made no ſcruple at all! But came into my Net, as faſt as I cou'd ſpread it for him!

Abb. But came into my Net, as faſt as I cou'd ſpread it for him! Prettily expreſt upon the occaſion! And I ſhall love a Setting-dog, as long as I live, for the ſake of the Simile.

Palm. I'm glad it pleaſes you.

Abb. Pleaſes me! Yes, yes; it pleaſes me! every thing pleaſes me. But ha! my Boy! he muſt not get from us, now we have him in the Net.

Palm. 'Tis our fault, if he does.

Abb. Why Sir *Antony* has us'd thee but ſcurvily———

Palm. To

Palm. To my Coſt. *Abb.* And Revenge is very natural——

Palm. And very ſweet.

Abb. Revenge is ſweet indeed; it muſt be ſweet; a ſweet Revenge, upon ſo ſweet a Boy: And take my Word; I'll do you that Juſtice upon him: For I'll tell you, what I intend to do with him——

Palm. Aye, pray Sir.

Abb. Why in the firſt place I intend—— not to open my Lips, upon that Subject. But I mean——

Palm. I hope ſo, Sir.

Abb. If I can compaſs my deſign, I mean——

Palm. What do you mean?

Abb. Not to explain my ſelf, *Palmer*——Ah Rogue! But you know what I mean. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Sir Antony's *Lodging.*

Enter Sir Antony, *and* Ilford.

Sir Ant. Why to tell you the truth, *Ilford*, there is a Woman in the caſe; I expect her every minute.

Ilf. I fancy'd ſome ſuch thing.

Sir Ant. She is a thing to be fancy'd; and you wou'd think ſo, if you ſaw her.

Ilf. Do I know her, Sir *Antony?* *Sir Ant.* You have ſeen her.

Ilf. What nothing more of her?

Sir Ant. None of your peeviſh Queſtions. *Ilf.* 'Tis not *Volante?*

Sir Ant. If it were, you don't come to quarrel for her?

Ilf. Not I faith, Knight. I come in abſolute good Nature to viſit you.

Sir Ant. Why indeed, I could not expect the favour at your hands, as Matters ſtand between us.

Ilf. Nothing ſhall ſtand between us: Nothing did, but a Woman; and I come to ſtrike up a Friendſhip, offenſive and defenſive with you, by making a very fair offer to diſpoſe of her.

Sir Ant. If you mean *Volante*, ſhe will diſpoſe of her ſelf.

Ilf. I know ſhe wou'd diſpoſe of herſelf to you: But you won't marry her, Sir *Antony:* Now I am one of thoſe fooliſh Fellows, who don't apprehend a Danger, till they are in't. I never think of being a Cuckold: I love *Volante*, and wou'd marry her—— Come, come, there are Women enow for the ill-natur'd purpoſe of your Love; quit her to me, do a generous thing to a Woman that loves you; and to a Man, who would engage you for a Friend.

Sir Ant. Why Faith, *Ilford*, I wou'd do a great deal for you; but I muſt do ſomething for her.

Ilf. Do me a Favour, and don't undo her Fame.

Sir Ant. But there's the pleaſure on't——

Ilf. To ruine the Woman that loves you——

Sir Ant. Not ſo much out of ill Nature to her, as good Nature my ſelf: Reputation muſt be had: And we young Men generally raiſe ours out of the Ruine of the Womens. *Ilf.* But *Volante* is a Woman of Quality,

And

And has Relations to do her Right, if you don't do her Reaſon.

Sir Ant. Wou'd ſhe had a Brother, to make a buſineſs on't: He cou'd not do her ſo much right, in fighting for her, as he wou'd do me reaſon, in making it the talk of the Town.

Ilf. That wou'd ſet it about indeed.

Sir Ant. If I ſhould ſay, I had lay'n with her; or endeavour to ſet it a-foot, 'twould fall of it ſelf.

Ilf. As an impotent Piece of Vanity, or Folly in a young Man.

Sir Ant. But no body dares make a doubt of a Report, when a Relation has taken an honourable Care, by a Duel, to fix the Scandal in the Family.

Ilf. Why, truly I think the Men of Honour are out in that buſineſs: Scandal does not fall into the hands of a Surgeon, like the Wounds of the Body for a Cure: Opening and Probing, makes the Malady but more inveterate, and the leaſt Air taints it to a Mortification.

Sir Ant. It heals beſt of it ſelf, without a Plaiſter.

Ilf. And Time muſt finiſh the work. I have obſerv'd ſome Women live themſelves into a ſecond Reputation——

Sir Ant. And other Women, who by a natural Negligence, never ſetting up for any, from the freedom of their behaviour, have paſs'd uncenſur'd in thoſe publick Places, and Pleaſures, which wou'd have undone Ladies of a ſprucer Converſation, but to have appear'd in.

Ilf. So that 'tis not what they do, but not doing all of a Piece, that ruins their Character, and undoes the Women——

Sir Ant. And condemns the Men too: For 'tis not any Man's Opinion, but his ſhifting it to the Occaſion, that makes him a Raſcal; as let his Opinion be what it will, if he continues the ſame, and acts upon a Principle, he may be an honeſt Man: But 'tis no Character I wou'd adviſe a Friend to.

Ilf. But this is from my buſineſs, Sir *Antony!* And, all things conſider'd, the difficulties of getting, and the danger of enjoying *Volante*; in my Opinion, her Woman wou'd be the better Intrigue.

Sir Ant. Why indeed the Woman wou'd often be the better Intrigue, were ſhe as difficult to be compaſs'd as her Lady.

Ilf. It ſeems the danger doubles your delight.

Sir Ant. And we naturally covet, what we are forbid; for very often 'tis the bare pleaſure of breaking the Commandment, that makes another Man's Wife more deſirable than his own.

Ilf. As at preſent, the bare pleaſure of oppoſing my Intereſt, has carry'd on yours with *Volante*, farther then otherwiſe you deſign'd.

Sir Ant. Why faith, there's ſomething in that too, *Ilford:* Not but I have a very good Opinion of the Lady.

Ilf. Well Sir *Antony*, I wiſh you wou'd think it worth your while, to make a Friend of me——

Sir Ant. I wou'd make a Friend of you.

Ilf. Reſign your Title then: 'tis but giving me now, what in a little time you will decline of your ſelf: Make *Volante* mine, and make me yours.

Sir Ant. I wou'd with all my heart; if I cou'd do it with Honour.

Ilf. I warrant you with Honour.

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. But how can I diſengage my ſelf? Matters are gone a great way between us—— ſhe's coming up to me. [Waitwell, *whiſpers and goes out.*] Step into that Cloſet, you will over-hear what we ſay; I won't promiſe I can do you any ſervice with her. But I'll do you all the good I can; that you may be ſure of, and depend upon.

Ilf. At leaſt, ſeeing her here, will do ſome good upon me [*Goes. in.*

Enter Volante.

Sir Ant. O Madam, you as are good as your word.

Vol. I can keep it, you ſee, at your coſt, when I like the occaſion.

Sir Ant. We men are not more punctual to an appointment, upon the hopes of a new Miſtreſs, then you Women are, upon the firſt promiſe of a Husband.

Vol. And it ſtands us upon to be diligent in both Sexes. For neither the Men, nor the Women, continue long in the mind of allowing thoſe Favours.

Sir Ant. Why faith, Child, the beſt Excuſe for fooliſh things——

(As Marriage you allow to be one——

Vol. A convenient fooliſh thing.)

Sir Ant. Is the doing 'em without thinking. But, what Madam, can't a Man ſport off a little innocent Gallantry with a Lady, without being ſerious a 'both ſides; You are in earneſt, I ſee.

Vol. Why there's the Jeſt. *Sir Ant.* And keep me to my word.

Vol. On my word will I ——*Sir Ant.* You take all Advantages.

Vol. I may be allowed to take what Advantage I can in the beginning; I ſhall be ſure to be the looſer in the end.

Sir Ant. In all Plays, one ſide muſt be the looſer; but Marriage is the only Game, where no body can be the winner.

Vol. That's making an ill Bett indeed, where we may looſe, and can't win; Yet I am reſolv'd to venture.

Sir Ant. But Child, haſt thou no more mercy upon my Youth, my Dreſs, my Wit, and good Humour, then to make a Husband of me!

Vol. Since you could not have me on your own Terms, I know you'll take me on mine.

Sir Ant. Well, there's nothing but cheating in Love: Very often indeed we are before-hand with the Women; but when we marry 'em, I'm ſure they cheat us.

Vol. And when do I cheat you, Sir *Antony?*

Sir Ant. Have a care of cheating your ſelf, Madam?

Vol. Nay, one time or other, all Women are to be fool'd; and I had rather you ſhould have the profit of me, then any Body elſe.

Sir Ant. And pleaſure too, I beſeech you. I am now going with *Valentine* to the Nunnery, to ſee his new Miſtreſs *Charlot*——

Vol. And by her Intereſt, to ſee his old Miſtreſs, *Floriante*; I know the ſtory, and what the *Abbe* deſigns in it.

Sir Ant. I ſhall be back in an hour; by that time the Evening will conceal you the better: If then you are brave enough——

Vol. To meet you, with a Prieſt for a Second.

Sir Ant. I'll have a Father ready to bleſs our endeavours.

Vol. Let him be by to ſee you play me fair,
And do your worſt or beſt, and never ſpare. [*Exit* Volante.

Sir Ant. I warrant you, the firſt Night for an Heir.

Ilford *coming forward to Sir* Antony.

Ilf. O Sir, your Servant; I ſee I am beholden to you.

Sir Ant. The moſt in the World I gad, when you know all.

Ilf. Know all! I know enough to convince me, that you are not capable of a ſerious deſign of ſerving your Honour, or your Friend——

Sir Ant. What's the matter now, man?

Ilf. And I was a Coxcomb for thinking you cou'd.

Sir Ant. Nay, you may be a Coxcomb however.

Ilf. What's that you ſay?

Sir Ant. No quarrelling I beſeech you, till you have Cauſe.

Ilf. Till I have Cauſe; I think you have given me ſufficient Cauſe——

Sir Ant. To thank me, I have; if you know how to be greateful.

Ilf. O, I muſt needs be greateful; and always confeſs the Obligation you have laid upon me, in promoting my Intereſt ſo viſibly with *Volante*——

Sir Ant. So oppoſite to my own with her.

Ilf. With ſo much Diligence and good Nature——

Sir Ant. Well remembred, I gad.

Ilf. That in my hearing, and ſtill to advance my Intereſt——you have made an Appointment to marry her——

Sir Ant. And put you to bed to her.

Ilf. How, how, Sir *Antony*?

Sir Ant. I knew there was no other way to do you a Service with her; therefore I reſolv'd to marry her for you, and put you to bed to her, for me.

Ilf. Incomparable deſign!

Sir Ant. A poor project of mine, Sir; if you had engag'd in't, it might ha' turn'd to account; but as 'tis, I go as I did.

Ilf. But take me along with you.

Sir Ant. I never impoſe a Curteſie upon any Man; nor quarrel, becauſe he is not ſenſible I am his Friend; when you come to your ſelf, you may repent——

Ilf. I do repent, and confeſs my ſelf——

Sir Ant. Well; what do you confeſs your ſelf to be?

Ilf. A Fool, an Aſs, to pretend to vie with you in any thing.

Sir Ant. And will you always keep in this humble Opinion of your ſelf, and allow me the Aſcendant?

Ilf. I ſhall be an Aſs if I don't.

Sir Ant. But you muſt confeſs your ſelf a Coxcomb——

Ilf. Aye, any thing.

Sir Ant. For pretending to cenſure, before you underſtood my deſign.

Ilf. You told me I was a Coxcumb before; and now I begin to believe it my ſelf.

Sir Ant. Well, upon your Penitence, I pardon, and take you into favour agen.

Ilf. And into the deſign.

Sir Ant. That you muſt be: And to convince you that what I do is perfectly in your Intereſt, you ſhall marry us your ſelf——

Ilf. With

Ilf. With all my heart.

Sir Ant. I have a Habit for you.

Thus in the World Men keep a pother,
And marry Wives for one another:
And moſt, like me, in Frolicks wooe,
And, to their ſhame, as little do;
But marry'd Women know the Senſe,
And Rights of due Benevolence:
I but provide for mine, what ſhe wou'd ſoon;
For firſt, or laſt, that Duty muſt be done. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Ilford *in a Prieſt's Habit, between* Sir Antony *and* Volante: *Sir* Antony *leads her to the Door.* Ilford *dreſſes himſelf in his own Cloaths.*

Sir Ant. NOw you have done the Office of a Father to the Lady, you may do the Office of a Friend to me, and go to bed to her. I can do no more than give you an Opportunity; but if you don't employ it to her advantage, ſhe'll never rely upon you, to improve another to your own.

Ilf. I never deſerve another, if I don't make uſe of this.

Sir Ant. There's no Ceremony to make the Bride coy, in going to bed; ſhe came in an Undreſs as looſe as her Wiſhes: and being under the impediment of but two Pins, I warrant ſhe's in Expectation already.

Ilf. She ſhant expect long.

Sir Ant. There ſhe is; kiſs my Wife and welcome. She won't cry out, for her own ſake, till 'tis too late to diſcover it for mine.

Ilf. If ſhe ſhou'd, I think the Caſtle's our own.

Sir Ant. I leave you to your Fortune; I am going to ſeek mine in another Adventure. [*Exit.*

Ilf. You have made my Fortune here. [*Exit.*

SCENE Changes to a Bed-Chamber.

SONG.

Volante *ſola.*

Methinks my Knight begins to ſhew himſelf already, in a Husbands Indifference; makeing me wait ſo long alone, in a place, where nothing but his Company can entertain me: But I have heard indeed, that ſhe who marries a Man for his converſation or good humour, takes care only to ſecure the leaſt, or the worſt part of it to her ſelf; So this is but a ſmall fault in Matrimony; and ten to one, before the Year comes about, I may have a more reaſonable cauſe of repenting. I think I hear him? O Sir, are you come?

Enter Ilford *to her.*

Ilf. Sooner than you expected, I believe.

Vol. How! *Ilford*—— [*Surpriz'd, and turning away.*

Ilf. I ſee you are ſurpriz'd to ſee me here; and indeed the Occaſion, that brings me to you, is very ſurprizing. *Vol.* What can you mean by this?

Ilf. You have ſtol'n a Wedding, Madam, tho' you think to make it a ſecret; you can't expect that Sir *Antony* ſhou'd bring his Vanity ſo low, not to make a Boaſt of the Favour he has done you.

Vol. By ſending you to me? *Ilf.* To wiſh you Joy.

Vol. A very likely ſtory. *Ilf.* And give you Joy, Madam.

Vol. Wou'd Sir *Antony* wou'd come, to thank you for your Complement.

Ilf. He ſent me with the Complement—— *Vol.* He ſend you!

Ilf. To ſupply his place to Night. Your Husband wo'not come.

Vol. Not come to me?

Ilf. Be ſatisfied ſo far, you are abus'd; and to convince you, tho' too late, how unreaſonably you have have prefer'd that Creature to every Body, he has done what no body elſe cou'd ha' done to you.

Vol. What has he done?

Ilf. Giv'n me a fuller Revenge upon your Folly and Scorn, than I cou'd ha' conceiv'd for my ſelf—— *Vol.* What has he done to me?

Ilf. He has marry'd and undone you, left you—— *Vol.* Left me!

Ilf. The firſt Night left you; left you to me: Not that I believe he deſign'd me a favour, more than he wou'd ha' done any Man elſe; but you had us'd me ſo very ill, he imagin'd, I was capable of any malicious Deſign of expoſing you. *Vol.* Of expoſing me!

Ilf. But that you need not apprehend from me.

Vol. I'm in your power; but pitty me. My Folly, and my Fortune are too plain. *Ilf.* Do you perceive it now?

Vol. I ſhou'd ha' ſeen it ſooner.

Ilf. Tis well you find it now. However you deſerve of me, I come to ſerve you: And ſince this opportunity (that favours, and was given me for baſer ends) encourages me to nothing, beyond the hope of your eſteem, you muſt give me leave to think, that, from my behaviour, I deſerve that Honour better than my trifling Rival does the Title of your Love.

Vol. You deſerve every thing.

Ilf. I ſay enough to warn you of him; but you wou'd venture.

Vol. My ſhame confounds me! *Ilf.* You wou'd not credit me.

Vol. I can but wiſh I had.

Ilf. Were it to do agen, you wou'd follow your Inclination, and do the ſame thing?

Vol. I hate the Villain. *Ilf.* In your Anger?

Vol. No, to death I hate him: And were I free from him——

Ilf. You wou'd not marry him! *Vol.* Never.

Ilf. Then you are free from him. *Vol.* How! free from him!

Ilf. Not marry'd to him. *Vol.* Wou'd you cou'd prove it too.

Ilf. I'll make it plain, if you'll conſent to it——

Vol. More willingly, than I did e're conſent. Make that but plain to me; and what returns are in the poor power of one ſo loſt——

Ilf. So ſav'd, I hope. *Vol.* You ſhall command.

Ilf. I may reſtore you to your liberty; but never can my ſelf. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Sir Antony *and* Valentine.

Sir Ant. This is the time, and place of appointment; what 'twill come to, *Valentine*, I can't tell.

Val. 'Tis a whimsical Undertaking methinks, to support another Woman's Intrigue, at your Expence———

Sir Ant. There's no buying such a Frolick to dear.

Val. And part with your Lover to oblige her!

Sir Ant. So long, I can't part with you; to provide for your pleasure as well as my own: Besides, 'tis a diverting piece of Roguery; and will be a Jest as long as we know one another.

Enter Palmer.

Palm. Who's there? Sir *Antony!*

Sir Ant. The same; I am afore-hand with you.

Palm. The Lady, Sir, will thank you. Whom have you with you there?

Sir Ant. Only a Servant.

Palm. You'll have no need of him; I come to serve you: Besides he may be seen. *Sir Ant.* I'll send him away.

Palm. I'll but step in, to make your way to the Lady, and will wait upon you agen. [*Exit.*

Val. By this Fellow's adviſing to ſend away your Servant, I fancy he may be a Rogue.

Sir Ant. If he be a Rogue, I am reſolv'd to diſcover the bottom of him; but if there be a Woman in the caſe, I'll leave you to the Employment——

Enter Palmer.

Palm. Sir. *Sir Ant.* Here.

Palm. Are you alone? *Sir Ant.* I am.

Palm. Follow me.

Sir Ant. Follow me. [*Exeunt* Valentine *following Sir* Antony.

SCENE changes to the inſide of a Houſe.

Enter Sir Antony *and* Valentine.

Val. Your Pimp proceeds with Caution. But theſe dark Deeds may require our dark Lanthorn.

Sir Ant. Give it me; I can manage this; you muſt manage the Lady, and for once, not to make a Cuſtom of it, I'll hold a Candle to you.

Palmer *enters.*

Palm. Where are you, Sir *Antony?* *Val.* Here.

Palm. I'm glad you are, and here I'll keep you—— *Val.* Ha!

Palm. Have you forgot your Friend the Pilgrim? I am that Lady in love with you; and now I have you to my ſelf, I muſt come nearer to you.

Val. The Devil you muſt———

[*Throws* Palmer *down, Sir* Antony *with his Lanthorn goes to 'em.*

Sir Ant. Are you my Friend the Pilgrim, do you ſay?

Palm. Then I am loſt agen.

Sir Ant. Why how came I to forget you ſo ſoon? and are you the Lady that was in love with me?

Val.

Val. Riſe; and tell all you know of this buſineſs, or it ſhall be the laſt you ſhall ever engage in; I know enough of you to ſend you to the Galleys.

Palm. Why indeed Gentlemen, I won't ſtand Trial with you; I confeſs ſome deſign of my own upon Sir *Antony*; but your very good Friend, the *Abbe*, firſt ſet it on foot, by employing, and paying me well, to decoy you into his power: Now, Sir, knowing your Character, I thought nothing wou'd ſooner ſpirit you any where, than the hopes of a new Woman.

Sir Ant. You ſee I am true to my Aſſignation.

Val. But where's the *Abbe* all this while.

Palm. He's in the Houſe, expecting the good hour.

Val. How ſhall we do with him?

Palm. To make my Peace with you, I'll contribute to any Deſign againſt him.

Val. That muſt be your way.

Sir Ant. Go then; and to keep up the Jeſt, ſay nothing of what is paſt, but bring him to me. [*Exit* Palmer.

Val. What do you deſign now?

Sir Ant. To continue the Scene with him. For having, as I told you, diſpos'd of his Niece *Volante* to our Friend *Ilford*, I ſuppoſe they may have occaſion by to morrow, for his approbation of what they are doing to night.

Val. That's well thought on; his Conſent will come the eaſier, for our having a Hank upon him.

Sir Ant. Get you gone then, like an Evidence, behind the Hangings.

[*Val. retires.*

The Abbe *enters to Sir* Antony, *ſinging, and dances round him.*

A SONG.

Abb. Have I caught you, my little *Mercury!* have I caught you!

Sir Ant. You're very nimble, Sir.

Abb. Aye, aye; I have it in my head.

Sir Ant. And in your heels too.

Abb. Upon occaſion—— Ah my little Man! I'm young again; when I like my Company.

Sir Ant. But who cou'd expect to ſee you here?

Abb. Why any body wou'd have expected it: How cou'd you expect otherwiſe? How cou'd you think, I cou'd ſtay from you ſo long? What, you expected a Woman? *Sir Ant.* I did indeed.

Abb. Let the Women expect you, there's a plentiful Crop of Maidenheads; if the War continues to carry off the Whore-maſters, ſome of 'em muſt fall of themſelves, without gathering; there will ſcarce be Reapers enow for that Harveſt.

Sir Ant. There's no Female-Famine, in this Year's Almanack; no fear of wanting Women.

Abb. No, no; no fear of wanting Women: But a good natur'd, old merry Fellow, as I may be, who can tittle tattle, and goſſip in their Families, upon an ancient Privilege with the Mothers, may do any thing with the Daughters: Such a Man is a Jewel, to bring you together.

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. Such a Man wou'd be a Jewel indeed.

Abb. I know, you little Rogue, your buſineſs is to be wicked: I love to be wicked my ſelf too ſometimes, as often as I can decently bring it about, without ſcandal: And I will be as wicked——— As wicked as I can be, for you, and with you.

Sir Ant. You can do no more than you can do, good old Gentleman.

Abb. Old Gentleman! I won't be an old Gentleman; I'm never older than the Company I am in: What, Five and fifty does not make an old Man; 'tis want of Appetite, Infirmity, and Decay, not Five and fifty, that makes a Man old: Five and fifty has it's Pleaſures———

Sir Ant. As good have none, *Abbe*; they are faint and feeble.

Abb. Delicate and dainty, my Dear; palatable and pleaſant, and thou art mine.

Sir Ant. How ſhall I know that, Sir?

Abb. Why thou ſha't know, all in good time, Child; but an old Fellow, you ſay! [*Unbuttons, and throws down his Cloak.*] What ſhall I do now, to convince you, that I am not an old Fellow? Let me ſee; what ſhall I do for you? *Sir Ant.* What can you do for me!

Abb. What can I do for you?

Sir Ant. To prove you are not an old Fellow.

Abb. What can I?——Why I can——I can part with my Money to thee.

Sir Ant. That's one Argument indeed.

Abb. Beſides I can—— I won't tell you what I can: But if you'll ſtep into the next Room with me, I have a Collation for you, and a——— There you ſhall find, what I can do for you.

Sir Ant. If I ſhou'd retire with you, you'll be diſappointed——

Abb. No, no, don't talk of diſappointment, I hate to be diſappointed. ——We're very luckily alone, and ſhou'd make a good uſe of our time; no body will come to diſturb us.

Sir Ant. But I may diſappoint you my ſelf——

Abb. You will exceedingly; if you don't go along with me: Delays are dangerous, when Opportunities are ſcarce; and we elderly Fellows have 'em but ſeldom——— I vow I'll teize you, and kiſs you into good humour; I ſwear I will; if you won't go.

Sir Ant. But 'tis not in my power to oblige you.

Abb. I'll put it into your power, I warrant you.

Sir Ant. But that I doubt, Sir. For very unhappily for your purpoſe; I am a——Woman.

Abb. Ha! how, a Woman! [*drops her Hand.*

Sir Ant. A Woman!

Abb. What the Devil have I been doing all this while? A Woman! Are you ſure you're a Woman?

Sir Ant. How ſhall I convince you?

Abb. Nay, nay; I am eaſily convinc'd; the very Name has convinc'd me.

Sir Ant. But if you have a mind to be ſatisfied——

Abb. I thank you Madam, I am ſatisfied, more than I deſire to be ſatisfied; and as much ſatisfied as I can be, with a Woman.

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. I told you I ſhould diſappoint you.—— [*puts on his Cloak agen.*

Abb. You did indeed; and you have kept your word with me, you have diſappointed me, plaguely diſappointed me. But I beg your pardon, Madam, I hope there's no offence in a little Waggery——

Sir Ant. None at all, Sir.

Abb. I don't uſe to take the freedom of being ſo familiar with the Ladies——

Sir Ant. I do believe you.

Abb. Indeed I don't; I pay a greater Reſpect to your Sex: And had I known you were a Woman before, I had kept my diſtance——

Sir Ant. Fie, fie, Sir, Ceremony among Friends! Tho' you know me now to be a Woman, you need not keep a diſtance. What tho' I have diſappointed you in your way, I may make you amends in my own——

Abb. So you may indeed, Madam——

Sir Ant. You gueſs what I mean, *Abbe*?

Abbe. If you wou'd be but ſo gracious.

Sir Ant. How gracious wou'd you have me be?

Abb. Ah! you'll never grant me the favour——

Sir Ant. What favour?

Abb. Why—— to ſay nothing of this buſineſs.

Sir Ant. Is that the favour?

Abb. That's all, Madam? the greateſt favour you can do me; and then you my buſineſs.

Sir Ant. Can you part with any Money now to me, now I'm a Woman?

Abb. Here are a hundred Luidores in this Purſe——

Sir Ant. To muzzle the Scandal.

Abb. And I'll get you a Husband into the Bargain.

Enter Valentine *and* Palmer.

Val. She'll keep your Council, *Abbe.* *Abb.* Hem, hem, hem!

Val. And in the ſcarcity of Men, you'll do her a mighty favour, I can tell her, to ſecure a Husband for her.

Abb. Hold you your Tongue, Sir. You ſhall have a Wife too, if *Floriante* will content you; that Rogue *Palmer* has betray'd me.

Val. No body ſhall betray you; we are all Friends: But this Lady and I have a favour to beg of you.

Abb. A favour to beg of me! Any thing, any thing, as many favours as you pleaſe; 'tis but asking, and having, in the humour I am in, Gentlemen.

Sir Ant. Our Friend, *Ilford*, has marry'd your Niece *Volante*, and you muſt give your Conſent to the Wedding.

Abb. Give my Conſent to the Wedding! Why, I'll dance at the Wedding. I'll have a Fiddle, and a young Fellow to tickle me, and teach me to Caper. Gads ſo; I don't know what Legs I ſtand upon at the news on't! I'll be as brisk as the Bridegroom the firſt Night. But we ſhall neither of us hold it; twon't laſt the Year round with us; I'm an old Fellow, that's the truth on't, 'tis done with me already; I'm upon my laſt Legs. But I have *Floriante* and *Charlot* to provide for ſtill; Poor Girls! while they are in a Nunnery, they lie upon my Conſcience: let me but bring them into the World agen, and I'll be contented to go out on't——

Val. Not

Val. Not yet a great while, *Abbe.*

Abb. As ſoon as I can get my ſelf in the mind.

Sir Ant. Wee'l keep you in another mind.

Abb. Nay, I am eaſily perſwaded; but I have done with you.

Val. The Lady Abbeſs is conſenting to their Eſcape.

Abb. Being a Kinſwoman, ſhe was eaſily perſwaded to give 'em an Opportunity. *Val.* 'Tis near the time now; wou'd I had *Ilford* here.

Sir Ant. Why, I am here; I'll ſtand and fall by you.

Val. I muſt not now expoſe you.

Abb. If you can but carry 'em off, the buſineſs is laid to your hands. [*Ex.*

Palm. My buſineſs is over in this Town; and I had beſt get off while I can; for fear of bringing a worſe buſineſs upon me. [*Exit.*

SCENE, the back-ſide of a Nunnery.

Enter Verole *and his* Bravo's.

Ver. What *Floriante* means by this Invitation to me, I can't tell; 'tis a favour ſhe never vouchſafed me before: Perhaps the apprehenſion of taking the Habit which her Father intends ſhe ſhall, has wrought upon her to conſent rather to marry me: But let her conſent, and deſign what ſhe pleaſe, if ſhe puts her ſelf into my power, as to Night ſhe ſays ſhe will, I deſign to let her ſee, how very little I value that favour, for which I muſt be oblig'd more to her Confinement, then to her Inclination, or Choice. Stand cloſe, here's Company.

Enter Valentine, *Sir* Antony, *and two Servants.*

Val. I am as full of apprehenſion, as an old Soldier upon the Guard of a Counterſcarp; where his Fears cannot be more uneaſie, than my Hopes are now.

Ver. He ſhou'd be an Engliſhman, by the Similitude, to let his Friends know, from his own mouth, that he has made a Campagne.

Sir Ant. This is the backſide of the Nunnery——

Val. And the Garden Door—— I think I hear it open——

Charlot *Enters.*

O *Floriante!* *Ver. Floriante!*

Sir Ant. Stand faſt, we're ſet upon.

Val. You muſt not meet the danger—— [*To Sir* Antony.

Ver. Fall on, and kill the Raviſher—— [*Fights.*

Come, my fair Fugitive, you muſt along with me. [*Leads her out.*

Valentine's *Party beats the* Bravo's *off; one wounded ſtays.*

Floriante *Enters as* Charlot *did.*

Flor. What noiſe was that? *Brav.* Some help, I hope.

Flor. How my Siſter *Charlot* has ſucceded, under my Name, with her Count, to morrow will diſcover.

Brav. Ha! the Count then has the wrong Woman.

Flor. Wou'd *Valentine* were come.

Brav. O wou'd he were to help me!

Flor. Who's there? a Man wounded?

Brav. One of your Servants; if you are *Floriante.*

Flor. I am. *Brav.* And wounded in your Cauſe.

Flor. I'm ſorry for't; do you belong to *Valentine?*

Brav. I do. *Flor.* Where is he?

Brav. He got off ſafe; and if you'll lend me your charitable hand, I'll guide you to him. [*Leads him off.*

Re-enter Valentine *and Sir* Antony.

Sir Ant. Rogues, Sons of Whores, and Cowards! *Flor.* Sir *Antony.*

Sir Ant. Here am I. *Val. Floriante!*

Flor. Valentine! *Val.* I was afraid I had loſt you.

Flor. Here's an honeſt man was conducting me to you, one of your Friends.

Val. One of my Friends! He's one I did not reckon upon, if he be——— This is one of Count *Verole*'s Bravo's.

Brav. I am; and had not you interrupted me, I had done my Maſter ſervice; carry'd the Lady to him.

Flor. What a Miſchief have I ſcap'd———

Val. Thou art a gallant Fellow, and doſt deſerve a better Maſter; but thou haſt done thy duty, and I will do mine; carry him home, and get a Surgeon to him——— [*Lead off.*

Flor. Well; I run a mighty venture.

Sir Ant. Of looſing a Maiden-head, I grant you.

Flor. I may Repent———

Sir Ant. The keeping of it ſo long.

Flor. I may repent at leiſure.

Val. You may indeed, if you don't make haſte; for we muſt expect to be purſu'd.

Sir Ant. You and I, Madam, are much about a ſize; what if we change Cloaths; it may favour your Eſcape, if you come to be follow'd.

Val. Admirably thought on! Madam, you need not make a ſcruple of ſhifting before Sir *Antony*; whom, from this time, you may know to be a Woman. *Flor.* A Woman!

Sir Ant. Now for my Petticoats agen——— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the Abbe's *Houſe.*

Count Canaile, *Count* Verole, Abbe *and* Charlot.

Can. Sir, I muſt thank you for the care you have ſhewn of my Family; tho' I believe it has carry'd you farther then you are aware off: This is my Daughter *Charlot.*

Ver. Charlot! *Abb. Charlot!*

Char. The very ſame. But *Floriante* is oblig'd to you; you meant this favour to her: But by this time, ſhe has put her ſelf into the care of a Gentleman, who will find a kinder away of diſpoſing her, then into the hands of her Father. *Can.* Diſhonourable Girl!

Ver. If it be poſſible, I'll recover her, and yet revenge my Love. [*Exit.*

Can. But *Charlot*, how came you to think of running away with *Valentine*, when you know I deſign'd you to marry him?

Char. Why, I thank you, Sir, you deſign'd very well for me; But I was too well acquainted with *Valentine*, and my Siſter's thoughts, to depend over much

much upon that hope: I knew there was no parting them; therefore conſented the eaſier to aſſiſt her, in getting out of the Nunnery.

Abb. Very well. *Can.* Very well Brother!

Abb. Let her go on.

Char. I began to apprehend the danger of ſtaying behind in a place, and profeſſion, wholly diſagreeable to my humour.

Abb. And well you might. *Char.* I thought fit to provide for my ſelf.

Abb. In good time you did, Niece.

Char. And accordingly, in my Siſter's name, I ſent to Count *Verole*; he came at the time appointed, expecting *Floriante*: But *Valentine*, by what accident, I know not, coming before his time, knowing nothing of me, or my Plot upon the Count, took me for her, call'd me *Floriante*, upon which his *Bravo's* fell upon *Valentine*: But the Count in a more gentle-manly regard to his Perſon, encountred me, and brought me where you find me.

Abb. But methinks the Count, taking you for *Floriante*, his old Miſtreſs, might ha' made another uſe of his Victory, then to have brought you in triumph to your Father.

Char. I expected he wou'd indeed; but by what he ſaid to me, I found he had little or no deſign in coming there; but to revenge himſelf upon my Siſter, and her ſcorn.

Can. I'm glad he has no other deſign upon her.

Char. And ſo am I indeed, Sir.

Abb. Why *Charlot?* You are not in Love with the Count?

Char. Not ſo much in love with the Count, as I am out of love with a Nunnery: Any man had been as welcome.

Can. Well, well; if *Valentine* be not hurt, this matter will clear of it ſelf——

Abb. And ſo it will, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the Street.

Enter Sir Gentle Golding.

Sir Gent. Why, how a Man may be miſtaken in his Friends! I con'd not ha' believ'd it; (had not one of their underling Rogues told me ſo himſelf) that any one cou'd ha' been ſo cheated, as I have been, by my own Countrymen—— If I durſt but ſend any of 'em a Challenge, I might get ſome of my money agen; but that may draw me into a worſe Premunire, then I have yet been in. Let me ſee; Can't I have a ſafer Revenge upon 'em? *Valentine* has ſtoll'n a Fortune, and entruſted me to bring a Father to marry 'em; now if I ſhould go wilfully, in a miſtake, to the Gentlewoman's own Father, for a Licence to marry 'em. The truth on't is, I have a mind to forbid the Banes, and get her my ſelf, if I can; for *Floriante* is a Woman of Quality——

Count Verole *in purſuit of her, Enters with his* Bravo's.

Ver. Do you know her, Sir? *Sir Gent.* Yes Sir, I think I do.

Ver. Then as you are a Gentleman, aſſiſt me; thus far I have News of her.

Sir Gent. I am a Gentleman, Sir; you ſhall find me a Gentleman: And I'll tell you more News of her; I'll carry you to the very place, where ſhe

is, Sir; and that's as much as you can expect from a Gentleman, when a Friend is concern'd.

Ver. It is indeed, Sir, more then I expected; pray along with me. [*Ex.* Valentine *with* Floriante *in Sir* Antony's, *and Sir* Antony *in her Cloaths.*

Val. So far we are safe, Ladies, and the shifting your Habits will secure us so: Wou'd Sir *Gentle* wou'd come agen; you're grave at the thought of him!

Flor. Men of your Conversation and Experience in the World, *Valentine*, seldom like the Women you marry.

Val. Because we seldom marry the Women we like.

Flor. Well, since Marriage at best is a Venture, I had as good make it my self, as let another make it for me, at my Cost.

Val. To let a Father choose for you in Love, is as unlucky, as when you are in fancy at play, and pushing at a Sum, to desire another to throw out your hand.

Sir Ant. I'll be hang'd if that fool Sir *Gentle* has not betray'd us. [*looking out.*

Val. Yonder he comes indeed, with a Rabble of Rogues at his heels.

Sir Ant. There's no resisting 'em; provide for your selves as well as you can. [*Exeunt.*

I have yet a Trick to cozen 'em. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Gentle *and* Verole, *as before.*

Ver. See, see, upon sight of us, they have quitted their Prize: Is this their *English* Gallantry? They're out of sight already. Let 'em go, the Lady is our Game. [*Exit with Followers.*

Sir Gent. I'll make some of 'em know to their Cost, that by using me so little like a Gentleman, they have taught me to do as I do, and use 'em as they deserve.

Verole *returns with Sir* Antony.

Ver. Now *Floriante*, you find you have thrown your self a way, upon a Fellow that has not the spirit to stand by you, or himself, to keep your Folly in countenance.

Sir Ant. Pray Sir, a word with you—— [*takes him aside.*

Ver. Well Madam: What can you say to me?

Sir Ant. Why, I say, you're an Ass to run about to disturb other People: I am Sir *Antony Love*, not *Floriante*; don't discover me for your own sake; but get you gone about your business, and leave me to this *English* man.

Ver. I'll take his Advice, for fear of being laugh'd at: Sir, you have behav'd your self so like a Man of Honour in this business, that I must desire you to take care of the Lady, while I go to inform her Father of what has happen'd. [*Exit* Verole, *and his Followers.*

Sir Gent. Yes, yes; I'll take care of her, I warrant you. Why, what a lucky Rogue am I! upon my first inclination to play the Knave, to have so good an occasion of doing it.

And indeed, who wou'd take a trust upon him, but for the privledge and benefit of breaking it?—— So Madam, now I have you in my Care.

Sir Ant. You are a civil Gentleman, I know you.

Sir Gent. You shall know me for a civil Gentleman, if you please; tho I am a Knight, where I am not familiar.

Sir Ant.

Sir Ant. I know you are, Sir; you may have pity for me.

Sir Gent. Alack a day! I have indeed, a heart brim-full for you.

Sir Ant. You won't force me to marry that Monſter?

Sir Gent. Not I, as I hope to be ſav'd, Madam; nothing againſt fancy.

Sir Ant. To throw away my Youth, Beauty, and Fortune, which you know are not contemptible.

Sir Gent. Incomparable, Madam; incomparable; your Youth and Beauty, without your Fortune.

Sir Ant. Wou'd they were worth your asking.

Sir Gent. Wou'd I might have 'em for asking.

Sir Ant. Valantine I deſpair of; but if there be an *Engliſh*-man, as an *Engliſh*-man he muſt be———

Sir Gent. Why, I am an *Engliſh*-man; and wou'd marry you.

Sir Ant. The ſooner you ſecure me, the better then.

Sir Gent. I think ſo too, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

Canaile, Verole, Abbe, Ilford, Volante, Charlott, *Enter.*

Abb. Why here's a Night of Action indeed; *Ilford*, you began the Dance with *Volante*; and Count, I hope you'll continue it, with my Niece *Charlott*: As for *Valentine* and *Floriante*, they have had their friſk in a corner by this time, or he is not the Man I take him for.

Verol. When you fell into my hands to Night; had I known my good Fortune, I had improv'd it then: But, now I have it, in having you——— And happier yet, in having your Conſent.

Can. You have my Bleſſing both———

Valentine *and* Floriante *at the Door.*

Abb. You may appear, we're all of a Family now, Cozen *Germans*, and Friends——— Come here, a Pair that wants your Bleſſing too.

Can. I can't deny it now——— Riſe and be happy.

Abbe. I have a Bleſſing too for you, my Girls; Five thouſand Crowns a piece more than I deſign'd you; and a Thouſand extraordinary for her who brings me the firſt Boy; a ſmall Gratuity, Gentlemen, to keep up your Fancy, and encourage your pains, that you mayn't think it unprofitable Labour upon your Wives.

Can. But why in Sir *Antony's* Cloaths, *Floriante*? Where is this mad Knight?

Flor. Somewhere in my Petticoats: But the Count can give you the beſt Tidings of him.

Ver. I left him with one Sir *Gentle Golding*; one whom you are beholden to; for familiarly, upon the firſt word, he betray'd you, and carry'd me to ſeize you.

Val. Well, I don't doubt but ſhe will give us a handſom Revenge upon him. *Can.* She? Who?

Val. Sir Antony, Sir; For this *Sir Antony* after all, is a Woman.

Omnes. A Woman! *Abbe.* Aye, pox take her, ſhe is a Woman.

Vol. Then I am free indeed. *Ilf.* And I am happy.

Val. At leiſure I'll tell you all her ſtory.

Ente Sir Gentle *with Sir* Antony.

Sir *Gent.* Now, I am ſufficiently reveng'd on *Valentine* and *Sir Antony* for cheating

cheating me; I think I have paid 'em in their own Coin: And diſappointed the Count too, in marrying *Floriante*. *Omnes*. *Floriante!*

Sir Gent. Come Father-in-Law, this buſineſs will out I ſee; if you'll give us your bleſſing, ſo; if not, I ſhall begin upon your Daughter without ſaying Grace.

Can. Much good may do you, Sir, with your Bride.

Val. Aye, aye; we muſt all wiſh you Joy, Sir; You have a Bleſſing ſufficient in a good Wife——

Sir Ant. If you know when you're well.

Sir Gent. O deliver me! What do I ſee!

Val. Why you ſee your old Mrs. *Lucy*, in your new Lady-wife; we are all Witneſſes of your owning your marriage.

Sir Gent. I do not own it—— I'll hang like a Dog, drown like a blind Puppy, die and be damn'd, but I'll be divorc'd from her.

Val. That's your neareſt way to Divorce.

Ilf. And will ſave the trouble of *Doctor's Commons*.

Val. Come, come, I'll put you in a better; There are old Scores between you and Mrs. *Lucy*—— You have made her a Lady indeed, which ſhews a grateful Nature in you, and will ſound well in the Ears of the World. But to ſupport her Quality——

Sir Gent. Her Qualities will ſupport that.

Val. Out of your Two thouſand pounds a Year, give her a Rent-charge of Five hundred, and ſhe ſhall never trouble you more, not ſo much as to be a Godfather to another Man's Child upon her Body, which may otherwiſe inherit your Acres.

Sir Gent. Why there's the Devil on't agen, to Father another man's Children, when one is not ſo much as a-kin to 'em! Well, any Compoſition to be rid of her; I find 'tis a Bleſſing I muſt pay for. [*A Dance.*

Val. Come, come, we muſt have a Dance to all theſe Weddings.

Sir Ant. Thus Coxcombs always the beſt Husbands prove;
When we are faulty, and begin to rove,
A ſep'rate Maintenance ſupplies our Love.

Sir Gent. When we have Miſtreſſes above our Senſe,
We muſt redeem our Perſons with our Pence.

F I N I S.

A *SONG* in the Second ACT.

1.

PUrſuing Beauty, Men deſery
The diſtant Shore, and long to prove
(Still richer in Variety)
The Treaſures of the Land of Love.

2.

We Women, like weak Indians, *ſtand*
Inviting, from our Golden Coaſt,
The wandring Rovers to our Land:
But ſhe, who Trades with 'em, is loſt.

3.

With humble Vows they firſt begin,
Stealing, unſeen, into the Heart:
But by Poſſeſſion ſeiſed in,
They quickly alt another part.

4.

For Beads, and Baubles, we reſign,
In Ignorance, our ſhining Store.
Diſcover Nature's richeſt Mine,
And yet the Tyrants will have more.

5.

Be wiſe, be wiſe, and do not try,
How he can Court, or you be Won:
For Love is but Diſcovery,
When that is made, the Pleaſure's done.

A *SONG* in Dialogue, in the Fourth ACT.

Woman. *NO more, Sir, no more, I'll ev'n give it o're*
I ſee it is all but a Cheat;
Your ſoft wiſhing Eyes, your Vows, and your Lies,
Which thus ſo you often repeat.

Man. *'Tis you are to blame, who foolifhly claim*
So ſilly a lean Sacrifice:
But Lovers, who pray, muſt always obey,
And bring down their Knees, and their Eyes.

Woman. *Of love you have made, Devotion a Trade*
In Loving, as well as Religion:
But you cannot prove, thro' th' Ages of Love,
Any Worſhip was offer'd but One.

Man. *That one let it be, in which we agree,*
Leave Forms to the Maids, who are younger:
We're both of a mind, make haſt, and be kind,
And continue a Goddeſs no longer.

SONG in the Fifth ACT. By Major-General *Sackville.*

1.

IN vain Clemene *you beſtow*
The promis'd Empire of your Heart,
If you refuſe to let me know
The wealthy Charms of every part.

2.

My Paſſion with your Kindneſs grew,
Tho' Beauty gave the firſt deſire:
But Beauty only to purſue,
Is following a wandring Fire.

3.

As Hills in Perſpective ſuppreſs
The free Enquiry of the Sight:
Reſtraint makes every Pleaſure leſs,
And takes from Love the full delight.

4.

Faint Kiſſes may in part ſupply
Thoſe eager Longings of my Soul;
But oh! I'm loſt, if you deny
A quick poſſeſſion of the whole.

PRO

PROLOGUE. Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

THE Ladies have a lonely Summer paſt,
In hopes kind Winter would return at laſt.
The Seaſons change; but Heroes at the ſame,
A Twelve-month running in purſuit of Fame.
Theirs may be good, but they have ſpoil'd our Game.

Some weak amends this thin Town might afford,
If honeſt Gentlemen would keep their word.
But your lewd Tunbridge-Scandal *that was moving,*
Foretold how ſad a Time wou'd come for Loving.
Sad Time indeed, when you begin to write:
'Tis a ſhrewd ſign of wanting Appetite,
When you forget your ſelves, to think of Wit.
Whilſt thus your Itch is only to beſpatter,
Your Cupid is transform'd into a Satyr:
Nothing of Man about you, all o're Beaſt;
Submitting your chief pleaſure to your Jeſt.
Then Time will come (for Ireland *falls of Courſe,*
And muſt ſend back her Conquerours, and ours)
When each of us our Loſſes do recover,
Will mind her Fortune in a Soldier-Lover:
They'l uſe us better much, then you have done,
Take us in, paſſing, like an open Town,
And plunder, do their buſineſs, and be gone.
Or if, at leiſure, they lye down to woo,
They'l rather make us Whores, then call us ſo:
Not ſend a whiſp'ring Libel thro' the Town,
To ſtab the Fame our, before 'tis done;
And maul the Ladies only in Lampoon.
But if they write in a Sententious Strain,
Two Lines concluda the Travels of their Pen;
One, only to know where, and t'other, when.
And no can give a Lover leave to write,
When all his Bills are to be paid at ſight.
O! wou'd our peace, thoſe days were come again,
Then I might ſit in, and laugh off a Queen.
When once the Child was turn'd into her Teens,
You cou'd not find a Maid behind the Scenes!
But now your keeping humor's out a door,
We muſt dye Maids, or marry to be poor.

EPILOGUE. Spoken by Mrs. *Botelar.*

IF Novelty has any Charms to move,
We hope, to Night, we've rais'd a your, drooping Love:
Not to the Youngſters of a waſhy Pit,
Whoſe Tongues and Miſtreſſes out-run their Wit:
But to the graver Sinners of the Bench.
Who, from your Mothers Maids, have lov'd a Wench:
Who, cheek by joul with Time, have handled down
The Vices of all Ages to your own:
Here's a Variety, that may delight
The Palate of each Ages Appetite.

To you I'm ſent, you who have dearly known
The ſeveral Rates of Pleaſure in this Town;
And find at laſt, 'tis worth but your Half-Crown.
You'l hear with Patience a dull Scene, to ſee
In a contested Lady waggery,
The Female Montford *bare above the knee.*
She makes a mighty miſe, like ſome of you,
Who often talk of what you never do:
She's for all Womankind, and wins the Town,
As if her Husband's Breeches were her own.
She's come to Night our Hero, tho' a Female,
Show me but ſuch a Whoremaſter, tho' a Male;
Who thro' ſo many ſhifts, is ſtill the ſame,
Purſues all Pettycoats, preſerves her Fame,
And tho' ſhe can do nothing, keeps the Name.
Some of your Names are up too we ſuppoſe,
Who turn'd of fifty, ſtill wou'd paſs for Beau's:
You dance, you dreſs, you ſing, you keep a noiſe,
And tho' you're young, becauſe you herd with Boys.
To ſuch as you, there is no Mercy owing;
Your talking muſt not ſerve for your not doing.
And ſince your feeble failings within doors,
Are known to us, be wiſe, and even Scores;
Supply our Wants, and we'll conceal all yours.
No matter what you can, or cannot do,
You ſhall cheat others ſtill, if you cheat too:
Keep us but rich, and fine, and we ſhall find
Young Lovers, always able to be kind.